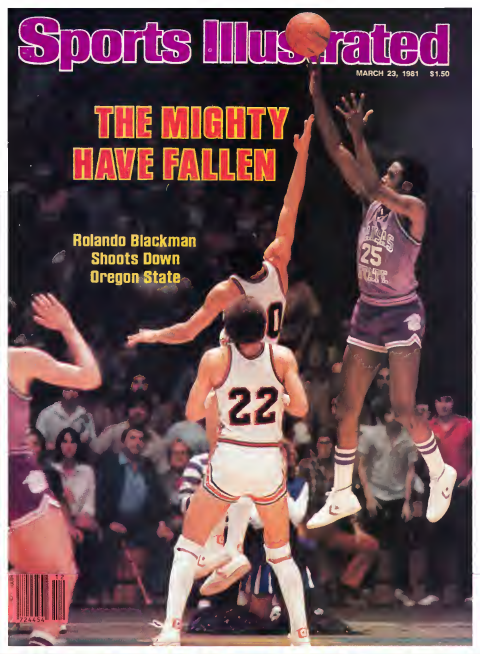


Sports Illustrated



MARCH 23, 1981 \$1.50

THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN

Rolando Blackman
Shoots Down
Oregon State



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With New Time-Zero Supercolor Film.

Each of the extraordinary photographs on this page is a testament to the sophistication and flexibility of one of the world's finest cameras. The Polaroid SX-70 AutoFocus.

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3



6



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THEY CAN'T HARDLY MATCH the pyrotechnics of last weekend, but the next two rounds of NCAA basketball—12 games over four days in four cities—will prove 16 teams down to the Final Four. SI will be at courtside for the regional championships

BACK TO SAWGRASS one more time, because the PGA tour's spectacular new Player's Club course isn't ready, comes the Tournament Players Championship, featuring the year's best field and razor-dazzle scoreboards. Dan Jenkins reports.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TO RUDLOE EVEN A TOADFISH HAS CHARM

Jack Rudloe, 38, who writes of the plight of sea turtles in Florida in this issue (page 60), began his career as a naturalist at the age of five, catching turtles in a muddy pond in Brooklyn's Prospect Park. Later the family moved to Florida's panhandle. "to get me into some wild areas," as Rudloe puts it. He was 15 by then, and soon was starring in high school science fairs with projects on sensitive plants—species that exhibit animal-like movements. At 18 he wrote an article on the phenomenon, his first to be printed, which appeared in *Scientific American*.

Today, 20 years and four books later, Rudloe and his wife, Anne, 33, a marine biologist who took most of the photographs accompanying this week's story, run the Gulf Specimen Co., Inc. Rudloe started the highly respected firm in 1964 in Panama, Fla., to collect what were then commercially unprofitable forms of marine life for sale to aquariums, colleges and scientists. Their sea squirts and sand dollars are currently much in demand for cancer research, but the biggest sellers are sea urchins, used in embryology. Rudloe is certain that some of his urchins have been sent to outer space, even to the moon. "to see what impact weightlessness and radiation have on cell division."

"At 18 I wanted to be a scientist," Rudloe recalls, "but I never learned

how to take tests." He quit Florida State in disgust after only three months and spent the next year selling horse-shoe and fiddler crabs to college science labs in Florida from the trunk of his car. Gulf Specimen was, as he puts it, "a box of stationery then." By 1967 he had created a national market for a wide variety of living specimens, and he had it pretty much to himself, being the only man around with the hang of shipping such items as live octopuses. In 1968 he published his first book, *The Sea Brings Forth*, an autobiography, and in 1971 he wrote a second, *The Erotic Ocean, a Handbook for Beachcombers*. "With a title like that," he says, "you don't need the book." It sold some 20,000 copies, still his best sales figure.

In 1973, Rudloe married Anne, the demand for his catches was increasing, and he should have been content, but bulldozers had begun pumping silt onto the tidal flats near their home in Panama, killing sea life, and the state was trying to revoke his license to collect specimens, challenging his "fitness." It seems Rudloe had demonstrated a lack of it by calling attention to the destruction of Florida's wetlands. But as developments proliferated, he says, "They were so embarrassed that they turned around and commended me publicly for protecting the environment."

Rudloe has published two more books, *The Living Dock at Panama* and *Time of the Turtle*, and is at work on another, dealing with shrimp-ing and marijuana smuggling. Among his articles have been three for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. He and Anne have also created the Panama Institute, a tax-exempt foundation for teaching children about marine life, which has the use of 15 acres of cypress swamp owned by Rudloe. "I always wanted a swamp of my own," Rudloe says. Anne is director of the institute. The Rudloes' first child, a son, was born last August. Raising their eyes from the milieu they normally contemplate, they named him Sky.

Philip D. Haskins



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Carner won a playoff



Washam set a record

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

The board of directors of the Fair Grounds racetrack has barred Bob Roessler, executive sports editor of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, from the press box. The reason, according to track attorney Louis Roussel III, is that Roessler's reporting on the New Orleans track is "not in the best interests of racing."

Roessler's reporting has focused on Dr. Alex Harthill, a Louisville-based veterinarian who is regarded by many as the best in the country but whose career has often been marked by controversy. In 1968 Harthill gained national notoriety when post-race analysis revealed that Danzer's Image won the Kentucky Derby with phenylbutazone, a pain-killer then barred at Churchill Downs, in his system. Although Harthill, the vet for Danzer's Image, denied having done anything wrong, the Kentucky State Racing Commission later fined him \$500 for doctoring the feed of Danzer's Image with aspirin. Harthill said he had done so to check the honesty of the colt's trainer. In 1972 Churchill Downs expelled Harthill from the barn where he maintained an office and lab.

Since 1979 Harthill has served as a \$50,000-a-year consultant to the president of the Fair Grounds, Joseph P. Dorigane Jr. Ostensibly, Harthill's main job is to use his contacts to persuade leading horsemen to race at the track. In a number of stories, Roessler has indicated that Harthill's role at the Fair Grounds is larger than his job title implies. "At one time," Roessler wrote, "he [Harthill] posted himself at the claiming box to serve as protector of Dorigane's horses. If someone put in a claim for one of Dorigane's horses, Harthill could drop one in, too. That way, there was a chance of protecting the boss' interests." Roessler questioned the propriety of doing this, and he also questioned "why a track-appointed official and commission-approved steward was working out horses for Harthill in the morning and serving in the stewards' stand in the afternoon."

Roessler also noted that although Harthill isn't licensed to practice in Louisiana—an attempt to license him by means of a rider to a bill in the state legislature failed after Harthill flunked the state veterinary exam—he still treats horses at the Fair Grounds. Even track attorney Roussel admits this, but the story that got Roessler barred from the press box involved Beau Rit, a horse trained by Roussel, owned by Roussel's wife and treated by Harthill. Roessler wrote in *The Times-Picayune* that after Beau Rit had won a \$100,000 race, the state testing laboratory reported a "positive chemical analysis for the presence of a prohibited drug in the official sample" of the winner. The drug was identified as oxypentbutazone, an anti-inflammatory drug.

Roessler promptly attacked the laboratory's competence "to ensure my good name." The track stewards then held a quick meeting—with no lab representative present—and let Roussel off by means of an astonishing ruling: that the lab "does not have the authority, nor the power, nor is it in their contract with the state to call a test a positive."

For reporting on the Beau Rit case, Roessler got the boot from the press box. Roussel said Roessler's stories were "inadequate, inaccurate and didn't present a true presentation of facts." Says Roessler, "If Roussel can point out and prove any inaccuracies, I'll gladly print a retraction. In the meantime, I'll catch the races from the grandstand."

EAT, DRINK AND BE LINGER

There's a restaurant in Chicago called Jock's, which shouldn't be at all confused with any eating places you might know called Jacques. Situated in the Lakeshore Centre health club, Jock's serves a variety of so-called health-food dishes (e.g., yogurt and fruit topped with a honey-and-poppysseed dressing) and also, as Chicago *Tribune* columnist Bob Greene puts it, "things that actually sound like you might want to eat them," in which category he places Jock's All Star bur-

er. What distinguishes Jock's, though, are the cryptic notations accompanying each menu item. For example, under chicken salad, the menu reads, "R-21, J-21, S-29, T-41."

It seems that the management commissioned nutritionist Jacqueline Marcus to figure out how many minutes of exercise would be needed to burn off the calories in each of the restaurant's dishes. Greene quotes Marcus as explaining, "The idea of the menu at Jock's is one of checks and balances. You can eat whatever you like on the menu—but then we make you conscious of how you can get rid of the calories." The aforementioned entry applies to a typical woman diner and means that after having de-



voured her chicken salad, she would be well advised to repair to the adjacent exercise facilities to either play racquetball or jog for 21 minutes, swim for 29 minutes or play tennis for 41 minutes.

Anyone for dessert?

ALBERTO PO:

The device looks like a haversack-cum-oxygen mask designed by Rube Goldberg, and it is called the PO: Aerobic Exerciser. The brainchild of Dr. Melvyn Lane Henkin, an anesthesiologist, and technical designer Jordan Laby, the PO: is a high-altitude simulator, and for the past five weeks runners at the University of Oregon, including Alberto Salazar, a past NCAA and AAU cross-country champion and winner of the 1980 New York City Marathon, have been evaluating its worth in increasing cardiovascular efficiency.

Henkin and Laby patented the first

continued

model three years ago for patients undergoing rehabilitation after a heart attack, but it soon became evident that the simulator could be used by athletes. Joe Brutto, the vice-president of sales and marketing for InspiraAir, the company he, Henkin and Laby have formed in Mission Hills, Calif. to market the device, says, "One of the prime points that came out of a Mexico City Olympics training symposium in 1968 was that the world-class athlete of the future would be one who could train at sea level and high altitude almost simultaneously, the altitude to build endurance, sea level to build strength. Until now this was impossible, but this unit allows an athlete to work out and train at altitude while living at sea level."

By restricting the amount of oxygen that can enter through the mask, the PO₂ can be set to simulate any altitude up to 30,000 feet. The model Salazar is using simulates 7,500 feet, while the Army Institute of Environmental Medicine in Natick, Mass. is experimenting with models set for 13,000 feet. "It's definitely helping a lot," says Salazar, who now runs 90 of his 115 miles a week with the PO₂. "It forces me to work a lot harder on my easy runs."

Ordinarily, Salazar's pulse rate is 125 beats a minute after an easy run, but with the PO₂ it rises to about 150. A blood sample analyzed after his fourth week in training with the unit showed an increase in his red-blood-cell count as well as hemoglobin, both important in the transport of oxygen. "The first week or two it's hard to breathe through the mask," he says. "You really have to suck the air in, but it's building those respiratory muscles, and that's another benefit."

Sometimes Salazar goes for a four to eight mile run with the PO₂ just before he does his interval training. "When I take it off there is an amazing difference," he says. "It feels like air is being shoved into my lungs."

RACKET MONEY

During the 1960s, when tennis was a low-profile sport, its greatest player, Rod Laver, used to dispatch his opponents with his trusty wooden Dunlop Maxply. With the game's boom came big money, and Laver was one of the first players to sign a lucrative endorsement contract—but not with Dunlop. He played for five years off and on with a Chemold aluminum model, but he felt his game suffered

to such a degree that he returned to his Dunlop Maxply.

Dunlop led the world racket market in Laver's era but never paid the top money, and before Laver retired most of the emerging stars had signed with rival companies. Now Dunlop is back at center court, having lured U.S. Open champion John McEnroe away from Wilson. McEnroe will be paid a reported \$3 million to use a Dunlop for the next five years. That equals the reported \$600,000 a year Donnay, a Belgian racket company that is now the world leader, pays Bjorn Borg to use its racket. The big loser in the escalating endorsement war thus far is Wilson. Besides losing McEnroe to Dunlop, the company recently lost Tracy Austin to Spalding and Vitas Gerulaitis to Snauwaert.

ABBACRAM

Ever since Imperial Valley College of Imperial, Calif. was founded in 1922, its teams have been known as the Arabs because of the desert conditions in that part of the state. Now coaches and students want to drop the nickname, and not because irrigation has since turned the valley green. Doubts about the nickname dropped up during the Arab oil embargo in 1973 and became widespread during the Iranian hostage crisis, even though most Iranians are not Arabs. Mike Swearingen, who doubles as the college's baseball coach and assistant football coach, says athletes have found it embarrassing to travel on the school bus, decorated with IVC ARABS and other signs carrying the nickname. "We traveled to Las Vegas to play a football game against the Las Vegas-Nevada junior varsity," Swearingen says. "On the bus there was a sign saying THE ARABS ARE COMING. As I stepped off I heard a guy say, 'What in the hell are Arabs doing here?' When I explained to the guy that we were a college football team and that Arabs was our nickname, he said, 'If that's your idea of a joke, it's in poor taste.' We've had to deal with laughter and jeers. It's hard for our players when they're riding on the bus and see cars going by with everyone inside offering an obscene gesture. It's even tough to recruit. You bring a prospect to a game, and when the players are announced, half the people in the stands are jeering and the other half are laughing and making gestures."

A fortnight ago, the student assembly discussed the matter inconclusively

Final action is up to the board of trustees, which meets next month. New nicknames offered for consideration are Raiders, Desert Raiders and Marauders. Swearingen doesn't care what new nickname is picked so long as Arabs bites the dust. "I'd just like any name without a political connotation," he says.

THE HEISMAN JINX

How many Heisman Trophy winners are in the Pro Football Hall of Fame? The surprising answer to that trivia question: none. While such Heisman winners as Leon Hart, Alan Ameche, Billy Cannon, Paul Hornung and Mike Garrett went on to have fine NFL careers, all have been denied immortality at Canton.

Of those five players, the strongest case for induction into the Hall probably can be made for Hornung, the Heisman winner in 1956. A running back who played on four champion Green Bay teams in the 1960s, he led the NFL in scoring three times, amassing 176 points in a 12-game season in 1960, a league record that nobody has seriously challenged even in today's 16-game season. "There's no question that Hornung is of Hall of Fame caliber," says a former Packer teammate, Bob Long. "Inside the 10-yard line, he was probably the finest football player I've ever seen." Hornung speculates that his prospects for enshrinement at Canton were damaged by his suspension in 1963 for betting on games. But he adds, "A lot of Packers are in the Hall of Fame, too, and maybe that's also a factor."

He could be right. In the latest election, a 29-member panel of football reporters elevated Placekicker George Blanda, End Morris (Red) Badgro and two of Hornung's Green Bay teammates, Center Jim Ringo and Defensive End Willie Davis, to the Hall of Fame, increasing the number of players, coaches, league officials and owners so honored to 110. Selection of Ringo and Davis means that Vince Lombardi and seven alumni of Green Bay's championship teams of the '60s are now in the Hall. With other former Packers also meriting future consideration, Hornung could find himself crowded out indefinitely. But any notion that Hornung might be the victim of some kind of Heisman jinx will be dissipated in 1985 at the latest. That's when the '63 and '68 Heisman winners will become eligible for their inevitable induction into the Pro Football Hall of Fame: Roger Staubach and O.J. Simpson.

END



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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 23, 1981

HEY, YOU'D



BE HOG WILD, TOO

Arkansas' upset of Louisville set off a mad scene at Austin. That's how things went all over in the NCAA last week by CURRY KIRKPATRICK



CONTINUED

And another NCAA tournament goes ka-pow. How?

Comebacks. Kansas State, 12 points behind San Francisco, 11 points behind Oregon State, its plain, just-folks coach finally out from the shadows of media neglect, survived.

Way backs. Arkansas, hops' hopes deep in the muck of almost certain doom until a guy named U.S. threw one in from halfway across the U.S., survived.

Get backs. LSU and Notre Dame, both still wincing from the stench of last year's tournament embarrassments as well as this year's pre-tourney foldups, survived.

And stand backs. Most of all, stand backs: those magical occasions when fans of college basketball have only to stand back and let its handiwork inimitably unfold. The perfection of Indiana. The ver-

satility of Brigham Young's Danny Ainge. The surprise of Alabama-Birmingham. The shock of Oregon State. The shame—no, not again!—of DePaul.

No matter what happens from now on—and nothing could be more discomfiting than the day 1981's top two seeds and 1980's two finalists went west—there will be no more memorable vision than that of a young coach named Jimmy Lynam, out of Southwest Philadelphia by way of Our Gang, searching for the clock, bounding along the sidelines, finally falling into the arms of Denise Lynam, 15, who was weeping and laughing concurrently because of St. Joseph's 49-48 victory over No. 1 DePaul, a fait accompli of only seconds before.

Never mind that the Hawks were representing a school with but 2,340 students, which until last week hadn't won a postseason game for 15 years, which had barely beaten American University

to get into the NCAAAs and Creighton to get to DePaul.

Never mind that the Hawks may exit the tournament as suddenly as they stunned it. Last Saturday in the Mideast second round at Dayton, the resolute Philadelphians—out-shot, out-busted, out-poised and out-brained the conceited, haughty Blue Demons. In the end St. Joseph's had dispensed a dose of aspirin to the spoiled children of DePaul which they will remember the rest of their lives.

Even after Lynam had controlled the pace with an offense that sought only short shots; even after the Hawk zone had frustrated DePaul's Mark Aguirre (six shots, eight points, one rebound), the Roberto Duman of campus hoops; even then the heavily favored Demons looked safe leading 42-35 with 11:15 left. But Clyde Bradshaw, the Demons' backcourt catalyst, picked up his fourth foul and Coach Ray Meyer's team became cau-



On the last play, St. Joe's McFarlan ripped a pass from the corner to Smith at right. Smith turned and laid it up, stunning DePaul with three seconds left.

sious, tentative, tight. "We're not going out there to have fun," Assistant Coach Joey Meyer had warned his father before the game. "They were scared of it."

Three times the Hawks cut the lead to three points; at 48-45 DePaul, a bad half-court delay team, was in a half-court delay offense. Just about where Lynum wanted the opposition to be. Three stupid, sloppy plays cost DePaul the game. First 6' 8" Teddy Garbbs lost a jump ball to St. Joe's 6' 5" John Smith (remember the name), following which Bryan Warrick hit a jumper to narrow the margin to a point with 48 seconds remaining.

After two time-outs during which the DePaul bench became "mass confusion," as the younger Meyer put it, the Demons barely got the ball in bounds to Skip Dillard, who acted as if it were the last thing he wanted. He was fouled anyway at :13. While Dillard, named "Money" for his .851 foul shooting, thought a while—"I've dreamed all my life about being in that situation," he said later—young whippersnapper Lynum set the Hawks up for what he called a "scramble situation": get the rebound, race downcourt, no time-out, spread yourselves, take a good shot. Which is exactly what happened after Money Dillard, dreaming, did indeed miss.

On the scorecards it was St. Joseph's Warrick racing on the dribble (as Aguirre gave up on him at midcourt in a "no más" defense) to freshman Lonnie McFarlan open at the right corner baseline to John Smith (you remembered) all alone underneath for the winning layup. "Just an ordinary Fourth and Shunk (a Philly playground) number," said Smith, who had summoned McFarlan's pass by yelling, simply, "Please."

As Aguirre walked off toward downtown Dayton and probably the NBA with his stereo carphones shutting out the world, Ray Meyer could be forgiven if he was thinking, Thanks again, Mark, but please go ahead and turn pro and leave this marvelously talented team to fend for itself, find its soul elsewhere and maybe discover some character in the clutch.

"I'm supposed to have the team of my life," Meyer had said. "But I can't enjoy them. I never know whether these kids are going to loaf or put out. Honest to God, I never thought basketball was going to be this way again."

Que será, Ray. And so long, again.

For another old-timer, Oregon State's Ralph Miller, a better team may not pass



Before scoring his super-special 49-foot game-winner, Priest showed he could work in close, too.

his way than the Beavers who brought a two-year 52-4 regular-season record into the West sub-regional at Los Angeles. But they also lost primarily because of too much dependence on one man, he being the big moose with the big caboose, 6' 10½" Center Steve Johnson. "We were too timid. We didn't play our game. I don't know what went wrong," said Johnson after Kansas State eliminated Oregon State 50-48.

Guard Ray Blume figured he knew. "We choked," he said.

Hold on and back up a bit. K-State Coach Jack Hartman's squad is in his image—quiet, colorless, collected; a friendly hardware dealer camouflaging the mind of a crafty terrorist. Down by 12 points against San Francisco, Hartman had replaced his struggling star, Rolando Blackman, with Brazil's own Eduardo Galvao, who despite being called "Ed-weirdo" by his teammates, was instru-

mental in the Wildcats' 64-60 victory. Then, against Oregon State, Hartman went from Edweirdo back to Rolando, who showed his appreciation by sinking the gamut with two seconds left.

Before that happened Kansas State plugged along 10 points in arrears until 6' 7" Center Ed Nealy and his backup, Les Craft, wore down Johnson and forced him into fouls and turnovers so that the 'Cats could proceed on a 16-6 tear and tie the game at 48 with 3:23 to play, precisely the point at which Johnson fouled out for the 51st time in his career. "We were working our butts off," said Craft. Not to mention Johnson's, a feat of some magnitude.

Now it was a chess game between masters. And, as Miller said, "You don't beat a Jack Hartman team making mistakes. They're too smart." Miller elected to slow things down, but the Wildcats fouled Charlie Sitton, who, being a *controversial*

rookie, missed on the one-and-one. Kansas State then held the ball down to 10 seconds when Blackman, the Olympian from Brooklyn, backed Mark Radford to the baseline, where they were joined by Blume. "He made a good strong move and I cut him off," said Radford. "Then he made another strong move."

It was the second one—Blackman spinning in the air from 16 feet, swish (see cover)—that did it. "I had the good release," Blackman said. "I wasn't even aware that anyone was on me. It was just me and the rim."

The failures of DePaul and Oregon State to last the NCAA's second round for the second year presumably left Indiana and Utah with the favorites' roles in the Midwest and West if only because the regionals will be played on their home courts. For their part, LSU and Virginia—the top-ranked teams in the Midwest and East—escaped the curse which dispatched eight seeded teams, and they appear to be the class of their respective regions. Nevertheless, in the NCAA tournament nothing is as it seems.

Now for what's ahead:
MIDWEST "Champions die hard," said Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton. Surely none died harder than the NCAA's title-defending Louisville Cardinals, whose recent momentum after a flustering start was halted exactly 49 feet, 4½ inches away from the Arkansas goal, the spot from which U.S. (Ultimate Strike?) Reed unloaded a pig sooooooey of a heave at the buzzer for a 74-73 victory. Only seconds before, Louisville's Derek Smith had nailed a miracle on-my-back rebound shot of his own to give the Cards the lead. But at the ensuing time-out Sutton told his men merely to get the ball into Reed's hands. Because they did, Arkansas earned a rematch with fearsome LSU in New Orleans.

"We want 50,000 Cajuns screaming in the Superdome," said LSU Coach Dale Brown after the Tigers bunted Lamar 100-78 as Rudy Macklin, Howard Carter and Leonard Mitchell combined for 75 points. Earlier in the season, Arkansas defeated LSU in Alaska, but Sutton has no illusions. "They are not the same," he says. "LSU is probably the best team going right now." Arkansas' backcourt of Reed and Darrell Walker are prodigious leapers, while the serpentine center, Scott Hastings, helps keep the Razorbacks in every game. But Hastings is prone to foul; with him on the bench



Shattered by the St. Joe's basket that beat DePaul, Aguirre clutched the ball in an agony of futility

the Hogs sometimes get roasted. LSU would seem to have too strong a motive, too much weaponry and too many tag-in' Cajuns to let this one get away.

The other matchup in the grudge grouping is none other than Wichita State vs. Kansas. Last week this duo beat Iowa 60-56 and Arizona State 88-71, respectively, in consecutive upsets, the former when Hawkeye Coach Lane Olson called a time-out he didn't have (Wich-

ita's Randy Smithson invented the fall-down technical free throw in celebration of making it), the latter when the Sun Devils tripped over press clippings they didn't deserve.

The Wheathockers of Gene Smithson—Randy's dad—are this year's bad guys, what with Cemer Ozell Jones ineligible and the team under NCAA investigation. However, Antoine Carr and Cliff Livingston, who shared 45 points

and 28 rebounds against Iowa, pose considerable problems up front for their cross-state rivals.

Kansas' Tony Guy (36 points against Arizona State) and his more illustrious basketball mate, Darnell Valentine, who was a high school teammate of Carr's, can score on the Shockers guards, and the Jayhawks play a well-disciplined zone. But Carr and Livingston should find enough openings for the Wheatshockers to win.

An LSU-Wichita State final featuring two of the best rebounding teams left in the tournament would compare with any Bourbon Street brawl. Take LSU and give the blood.

MIDWEST The Hoosiers of Indiana tried their best to downplay the ferocious 99-64 mauling they handed Maryland last week. Coach Bobby Knight: "A lot of things broke well for us." Guard Josh Thomas: "I think we can play better."

If that's true, the NCAA ought to call this whole thing off right now. After spotting the speedy Terps an 8-0 lead—like Renaldo Nehemiah giving Jackie Gleason a few hurdles' head start—Indiana began blasting away. Ray Tolbert had 26 points and four blocks. Thomas had 14 assists and zero turnovers. Landon Turner must have made at least 100 dunks. If the Hoosiers only play to 80% of that performance, they'll win the national championship.

Default this regional at Bloomington to Indiana. DePaul did, by losing to Jimmy Lynam. Wake Forest did, by losing to Boston College. And Kentucky did, too, by losing to Clean Gene Barrow's team. Alabama-Birmingham, which had no business rousing Kentucky, 69-62, but did anyway, thanks to 5' 10" Glenn Marcus, who made 12 of 15 free throws while Wildcat Coach Joe B. Hall was leading through the phone numbers of some more high school All-Americans.

Knight will get all the coaching competition he wants from the survivor of St. Joe's-Boston College, whose Dr. Tom Davis has done wonders with the spectacular John Bagley (35 points against Wake Forest) and a crew of overachievers. But chalk should prevail.

It's difficult to imagine that at one time Indiana was 7-5 and floundering. Then Turner came around, Thomas' play began to glow like his smile and the Hoosiers peaked just right. Knight's 1976 Indiana team won the NAAs in Philadelphia. Bob knows the way back.

EAST No Mormon major league in-

fielder with back spasms ever had a better day on the basketball court than Brigham Young's splendid Danny Ainge did against UCLA. While the Bruins were looking ahead to Notre Dame, Ainge personally outscored UCLA in the first half, 23-22, and ended the day with 37 points and several RBIs as a 78-55 runaway. Then he said he didn't even miss not being at spring training with the Toronto Blue Jays.

Digger Phelps' Irish wouldn't still be around if they had been playing somebody other than Doley, make that James, Madison, surprise winners over Georgetown. Tracy Jackson had to save Notre Dame's 54-45 victory while Kelly Trippuca and Orlando Woolridge were missing 11 of 15 shots. Jackson may be called on to guard Ainge in the next round at Atlanta unless Digger comes up with one of his Mickey Mouse gimmick defenses. The Irish will slow down the fast-breaking Cougars, but if Ainge is the best player on the floor, Brigham Young can block Notre Dame's path to another encounter with Virginia.

The last team to play the Cavaliers' 7' 4" Ralph Sampson man-for-man was Ohio State, and Sampson knocked down 40 points. The next will be Tennessee, whose 6' 7" center, Howard Wood, held his man without a basket in the Vols' 58-56 overtime win over Virginia Commonwealth. But now Tennessee draws Sampson. And the muttchopped, squashed-nose Wood, who looks old enough to have dated Delilah, admits "I'll need help."

Help is exactly what Sampson himself got from Lee Raker off the bench and Othell Wilson on the foul line when the Cavs beat Villanova 54-50. But that game again displayed Virginia's inability to get Sampson the ball low, even against massive John Pinone. And unless Jeff Lamp learns to shoot in TV games, Virginia could easily be defeated.

WEST After Kansas State beat Oregon State, the only questions remaining in this region were who had the best front line in the land, Utah or North Carolina? And what is there that Wyoming's Charles Bradley can't do?

Bradley, the Cowboys' 6' 5" monster guard, did everything but round up the herd against Howard and Illinois, but a teammate's late rebound foul enabled Illinois Forward Mark Smith to make two free throws, granting the Big Ten's third-place team, along with Illinois Governor

James Thompson (orange and blue war-paint daubed on his executive temples), another trip west.

Mobile guards Derek Harper and Craig Tucker, scoring Forward Eddie Johnson and defensive Center Derek (The Incredible Holic) Holcomb have made the difference for the Illini. But this team is most effective in a sprinting contest and the wily Hartman with his deliberate Kansas Staters, will have none of that. Color the game K-State purple.

While the North Carolina trio of Sam Perkins, James Worthy and Al Wood (the beauties who combined for 56 points against Pitt) and the Utah trio of Danny Vranes, Tom Chambers and Karl Bankowski (the beauties who combined for 63 points against Northwestern) are working each other over, the Tar Heel-Ute game may well be decided by whose point guard performs more consistently, N.C.'s Jimmy Black or Utah's Scott Martin. Still it's the 6' 9" scoring marvel, Perkins, who makes North Carolina the choice to win here.

Perkins has given the Tar Heels the capability to play Virginia and Sampson head on. Coach Dean Smith's team led the Cavs by 13 and 16 points in their two regular-season meetings before losing both; there is genuine dislike between the coaches and the squads, and the Tar Heels swore they wouldn't be denied in a third challenge.

All in all, an appetizing menu. Be prepared for more super stand backs. **END**

Beaver cheerleaders react over OSU's defeat





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THAT JONES BOY STRIKES AGAIN

Alan Jones, the reigning world champ, emerged from the feudin' and fussin' at Long Beach with a resounding win

by SAM MOSES

I would think without doubt we were the worst team in racing prior to 1977," Charles Crichton-Stuart was saying at dinner the night before the Long Beach Grand Prix. He was referring to Britain's Williams team, on which he serves as timer and *de facto* public-relations man. How times have changed. Australia's Alan Jones won the Formula 1 world championship in 1980 in a Williams car, and of Sunday's race Crichton-Stuart said, "If Alan finishes, he'll walk it—just disappear into the distance."

Crichton-Stuart foretold only half the story. Jones *did* finish, and he *did* win easily, and comfortably in second place was Carlos Reutemann of Argentina in the Williams team's second car. They walked it but good.

To say team owner Frank Williams has been tenacious would be to understate the case. During a decade of struggle in Formula 1, he was often described as "enthusiastic," meaning that he was a consistent loser. In 1978, Williams' stick-to-it-iveness paid off. He discovered Saudi Arabia, and vice versa. Saudi companies began putting sponsorship money into his cars, and Williams reciprocated by converting the financial backing into victories. When the checkered flag fell on the Williams racers Sunday, waving with it from the Williams pits were the Union Jack and the Saudi flag—welded by a nephew of King Saud.

This was the first Grand Prix of the year, which made Long Beach the cockpit of the latest round in the ongoing power struggle in the sport. The combatants are FISA, the organizing body of Formula 1 racing, which is controlled by the French, and FOCA, a group of team owners, all British. At Long Beach the feud intensified with the Brits fighting among themselves. More precisely, they ganged up on their most famous member, Colin Chapman of Team Lotus.

It was Chapman who, in 1978, had led the movement to ground-effect cars

The combination of Jones, his Williams car and a lot of Saudi money may prove unbeatable this year.

equipped with "skirts" that make them hug the road like limpets. It was over the skirts that FOCA first tangled with FISA. FISA prevailed and banned them for 1981, to Chapman's anger and dismay—so he up and changed the state of the art, which is why his natural allies had at him.

At Long Beach, Chapman unveiled the Lotus 88, a car only a designer could love—or understand. It has two separate chassis and two separate suspension systems, one for the wheels and body, and another for the driver and engine. The Lotus mechanics rarely removed the body panels in public, which led to speculation that there were four more little wheels under there somewhere, and maybe even another little driver. Everyone assumed the point of this exotica was to make an end run around the anti-skirt ruling. The Long Beach race stewards decided they couldn't decide whether the car was legal or not and announced that they were going to let FISA decide the matter sometime in the future.

The teams aligned with FISA—France's Renault and Talbot-Liger, plus Italy's Ferrari, Alfa Romeo and Osella, all of which protested the new Lotus—were snickering over the irony of FISA ruling on the legality of a car created by one of FOCA's erstwhile leading lights. Said one Renault crewman, "All winter Chapman was publicly leading FOCA's fight to keep ground-effect cars, while he was secretly—how you say—making an illegitimate baby in the back room."

For all the attention it got, the Lotus 88 was only tangential to the feud. Jones, sounding off on the subject, railed, "FISA is a bloody French conspiracy. The French have never won a world championship, and now they're trying to legislate themselves into one." Jones accused FISA of trying to devise rules that would favor the Renaults, which, because they are turbocharged, have more straightaway speed than the British cars. But even this was getting at only the tip of the iceberg. The unseen bulk of the problem is—what else?—money.

FOCA wants to hold down costs by stabilizing the rules governing car design. FISA maintains that ground-effect cars are already too expensive, that banning them will restore economic sanity to Grand Prix racing, in which the cost of fielding a car for the 15-race Formula 1 season is more than \$3 million.

It's a shame that this economic warfare has come to taint a sport that can attract 120,000 fans, as was the case Sunday. Those fans were on hand to see a spectacle that derives its appeal from bravery and skill, not from digits penned in ledgers. Long Beach is the only place on this continent where one can see the world's finest drivers close up on an urban circuit and hear, say, a V-12 Alfa engine at full song, its thunder reverberating off high rises adjacent to a blue Pacific harbor.

Mario Andretti, America's favorite international race driver and 1978 world champion, was happy to be back in a competitive car after two years of driving losing Lotuses. He now races for Alfa Romeo and is philosophical about the bad years. "The disappointments in Formula 1 are so many, the rewards so few," he says. "When you finally see the rewards, they're so overwhelming that with one good weekend you forget 30 bad ones."

When Andretti, who is 41, decides to retire, ready and able to step into his shoes as America's representative on the Grand Prix circuit is Eddie Cheever. Though only 24, Cheever already has five years of European racing experience. Andretti was born in Italy and brought to America when he was young; Cheever, in contrast, was born in Phoenix but has lived most of his life in Rome. This year is Cheever's first in a competitive car: he drives for Britain's Ken Tyrrell, who has groomed the likes of three-time world champion Jackie Stewart.

Mercifully, when the flag fell to start the 80-lap Long Beach race, the FOCA-FISA affair was put aside. Pole sitter Riccardo Patrese of Italy led the race for the first 24 laps in his Arrows-Cosworth, but only because Reutemann and Jones let him. Then Reutemann passed Patrese, and Jones overtook them both, driving aggressively but smoothly, as is his style. In the end he beat Reutemann by 9.19 seconds, finishing the 162.61-mile race in 1:50:41.33, an average speed of 87.60 mph. He was asked if he had any trouble getting past either Patrese or his teammate. "I don't consider any driver difficult to overtake," the world champion said with a small smile.

The FISA-favored Renaults had traction problems and were slow coming off the turns as their turbocharged engines struggled to regain the power they lost



The champion drove with style and intelligence

during long, cautious entries into the corners. Renault drivers René Arnoux and Alain Prost must have felt much as Stirling Moss did when reflecting on driving a car with automatic transmission. "Stepping on the accelerator was rather like stepping on a squid," said Moss. Prost didn't survive the first lap; when last seen he was coming into a hairpin turn in the middle of—and perpendicular to—the rest of the field. The other cars all dodged him, but Prost retired immediately. Arnoux finished eighth and last, the rest of the 24 starters having retired.

Nelson Piquet, last year's winner at Long Beach, took third in his Brabham. Andretti and Cheever raced hard for fourth. For more than 50 laps Cheever held Andretti off, displaying his coolness, but then he lost second gear, and the old pro got past. That fourth place was better than he had done all last year. Cheever's fifth was his best Grand Prix finish ever. Afterward, Andretti said of Cheever, "Looks like I got me some help there to carry the flag." Then he added, "I just hope he stays behind me."

As the Williams cars passed under the British and Saudi and checkered flags, there were half a dozen smiling Saudi faces around Frank Williams, so pleased with the results that they looked as if they couldn't wait to reach for their wallets and slay the factory giants again. **END**

TAKING AIM AT THE STANLEY CUP



In the seven weeks since Lafleur leftbeasted his team in the press, the Canadiens have gone 13-1-4

Last Thursday night at the Montreal Forum it seemed like the good old days—for exactly two periods. Les Canadiens were wheeling about the ice, forechecking, attacking, headmanning the puck, and at the heart of the charge was the indomitable Guy Lafleur. When Montreal is on its game, it seems as if no one else is on the ice, and the St. Louis Blues were practically invisible. The score was only 4-0—two goals for Lafleur, two for linemate Steve Shutt—thanks mainly to the stand-'em-on-their-heads play of St. Louis Goaltender Mike Liut. "We were perfect for two periods, perfect," said Lucky Pierre Larouche, who centers for Shutt and Lafleur.

Only this wasn't the old days. This wasn't two years ago, when the Canadiens were winning their fourth straight

Stanley Cup and the Blues were the doormats of the league, losing 50 games. This was the 70th game of the 1980-81 season and St. Louis was in first place in the overall NHL standings, a position it had never held past the third game of any season in its 13-year history. Now, in the third period, the Canadiens started sagging, and the Blues took command, scoring three unanswered goals before the clock ran out on them. The 4-3 defeat was their first this season to Montreal, and it left them eight points up on the third-place Canadiens and four up on the second-place New York Islanders with three weeks to go before the playoffs. Afterward the Canadiens were wondering what had happened to their killer instinct—in their Stanley Cup years it was unheard of to gain on Montreal in

Last week born-again Montreal held off upstart St. Louis. When they meet next, the NHL championship may be at stake
by E.M. SWIFT

the third period—and the Forum fans were thinking that these two clubs may well meet again in the Stanley Cup finals. It would be a good match.

The Blues and the Canadiens are opposites. The strength of one is, in most instances, the weakness of the other. Montreal's defense is peerless; St. Louis' is suspect. In Liut, the Blues have the best goalie in hockey, the new Ken Dryden; the Canadiens' goaltending situation has



been a circus. The Blues lead the league in scoring, Montreal in fewest goals allowed. The Blues have had a harmonious season, the Canadiens a troubled one.

But the biggest difference between the clubs has to do with tradition. The Forum reeks with it. Twenty-one Stanley Cup banners hang from the rafters, and Canadian rookies and other newcomers are forced to serve apprenticeships on the bench until they are found worthy and hungry enough to wear the uniform. St. Louis was molded from rookies and castoffs brought in by General Manager Emile Francis, and all that hangs from the rafters of their cereal palace, a/k/a The Checkerdome, are suicidal ticket holders who had to watch the Blues play between 1977 and 1979, when they lost 97 games in two seasons.

While Canadian players spent those

summers brimming with pride over yet another Stanley Cup, Blues players like Bryan Sutter and Bernie Federko spent the off-season dreading being asked for whom they played. The Saint Louis Blues? Kids at their hockey camps would smirk and withdraw requests for autographs. Nine members of the present team were on the 1978-79 St. Louis club that went 18-50-12.

"They all know what it's like to be on one of the worst teams in the league," says Blues Coach Red Berenson, "and not one of them is going to forget it. They lost, but they didn't become losers."

It was Berenson's appearance behind the bench early last season that precipitated the most dramatic turnaround in NHL history. The Blues had gotten off to another dismal start (8-16-4) when illness forced Coach Barclay Plager to step

down. Berenson, who as a high-scoring center was the cornerstone of the St. Louis franchise during its early NHL years, had been Plager's assistant, and Francis wisely named him coach. In the next 16 games the Blues went 10-3-3, and they haven't looked back. "The hardest part of the job early on was lifting the mental blocks off what we thought of as our limitations," says Berenson. "Once we did that, things started to go better. And, of course, Liut softened the bumps for us."

Steamrollered is more the word. With Liut in goal, the Blues were 32-23-9 last season; without him, they were 2-11-3. He gave them the confidence to make mistakes—hockey may be a game of mistakes, but you can't play in fear of them—and if the Blues fell behind, they figured Liut would keep them close. So they kept plugging. St. Louis earned the

continued

Two reasons the Blues are first in the league standings: Babych (left) keeps putting pucks into the net and MVP candidate Liut keeps kicking them out.



reputation of being a team that didn't have sense enough to know when to quit (this season the Blues are the only club with a winning record against teams scoring first), and it improved on its 1978-79 record by 32 points.

At the start of this season, no one

dreamed St. Louis would be the NHL's most improved team a second year in a row, but that's just what it will be. In light of what the Blues had already accomplished, Berenson's own goals were modest: 1) to make the playoffs; 2) finish first in the (hapless) Smythe Division; 3) finish among the top eight teams in the league. He figured 90 points might do it. At week's end the Blues were at 99 and counting, with a 42-14-15 record.

"We're only a year older, but we're a helluva lot more than a year better," says Berenson. One of the main reasons is a more balanced attack. St. Louis has eight forwards with 20 or more goals. Leading this group are Wayne Babych with 50 and Federko, the club's top scorer with 93 points. Babych and Federko are two of a league-high 11 first-round draft selections that Francis either traded for or picked himself. Another is Blake Dunlop, a Minnesota and Philadelphia reject, who has emerged as the Blues' third-ranking scorer.

"We don't really know how good we are yet," says Dunlop.

"We haven't had time to step back and say, 'Wow, we're in first place.' We decided early in the year we would outwork every team, and that's what we've done. I suppose we'll find our proper level in the playoffs."

The Blues gave an indication of how good they are in mid-February, when they bumped the Islanders from first place during a brutal five-game road trip. When it was over they had tied Buffalo, Montreal and the Islanders and beaten the Rangers and Calgary. "Before, we used to steal points from teams that thought, 'Ho-hum, it's St. Louis, so what?'" says Lint, who seems a sure bet to be league MVP. "Now when we win a game, we know we've won it. The teams are ready for us. We've proved we can win in any rink, and it's going to take quite a club to beat us in St. Louis."

The biggest question mark is the defense. Because most of his defensemen are shaky puck-handlers, Berenson instructs them not to carry the puck beyond the red line. "Up front we've got as good a group of forwards as anyone," says Defenseman Joe Micheletti, "but our success in the playoffs will depend on how disciplined we are in our own end."

The Canadians, on the other hand, have been criticized for being too disciplined, if anything, in their own end. In the past when they got ahead they went for, and usually struck, the jugular by pressing the attack. This year they have tended to sit back in an effort to protect leads, a tactic that has led to several third-period debates like the one Thursday night. "When you don't forecheck, you play in your zone," says Defenseman Serge Savard. "That's not our game."

Coach Claude Ruel has been blamed for instituting this defensive mentality, and some Canadians have grumbled to the press that Bob Gainey, the team's great defensive forward, has become Ruel's confidant and has influenced his thinking. The grumbling peaked at the end of January, after lowly Edmonton had routed Montreal 9-1. Chris Nilan, the Canadiens' least polished but most pugnacious player, didn't dress that game, and afterward a disgusted Ruel announced Nilan would be in the lineup the rest of the year. To make room for Nilan the next game, Ruel benched Larocque, a 50-goal scorer last season. The Canadiens then tied Calgary 4-4 but two nights later lost 8-4 to Los Angeles.

The next day, Feb. 1, Laffleur used the

continued



Having played musical goals, Montreal now prefers the Savoy squat



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Montreal papers as a forum in which he blasted his teammates for their divisiveness and Ruel for benching Larouche. "It was no fun for Guy," says Larouche. "He's a team man, but he was the only one who could say it. I didn't play well in that 9-1 game, but in a 9-1 game it's hard to find anyone who played well. I didn't deserve getting benched."

The Canadiens promptly polled their act together. They were undefeated in February and are 13-1-4 since Lafleur's outbreak. Lafleur himself has been hampered all year by injuries and has missed 22 games. But he's healthy now, and with Lafleur in the lineup, Montreal is a different team. It's no coincidence that when the Canadiens got knocked out of the playoffs last season for the first time in five years, Lafleur wasn't playing for the first time in five seasons. And it was also no coincidence that for the first time in five years Montreal had entered the playoffs without Dryden in goal.

Those closest to the Canadiens fear that if the team does fail to regain the Cup won last season by the Islanders, the reason will be a goaltending situation that has been part comedy, part horror show. When the season started, Denis Herron and Bunny Larouche shared the No. 1 spot. By late November, when Larouche had played 11 straight games without a defeat and Herron had lost four straight starts, the job seemed to belong to Larouche. But on Dec. 4 Larouche bruised his right hand. So the Canadiens called up Richard Sevigny from Nova Scotia, and he won his first three starts. Then Herron allowed two third-period goals in a Dec. 20 loss to Edmonton, and Ruel benched him and called up Rick Wamsley, who, like Sevigny, had been playing in Nova Scotia. Now it was Wamsley and Sevigny, with Herron and Larouche watching from the sidelines. Wamsley was 3-0-1 in his first four starts, with a 1.90 goals-against average, when he took a puck in the throat in his fifth straight start, on Jan. 2, and had to be replaced by Larouche. He was promptly returned to Nova Scotia.

By now, Larouche was healthy, and he and Sevigny shared the goaltending the next three weeks. Each day Montreal fans expected to read that Herron had been traded. On Jan. 19, Larouche was in goal during a 6-3 loss to Minnesota, and two nights later he allowed three goals in the first 10 minutes against Chicago. Ruel yanked him, and Sevigny played the rest

of that game and all of the next two, the last of which was that 9-1 loss at Edmonton. Now Ruel had three goalies in the doghouse and one in Nova Scotia. Then, against Los Angeles on Jan. 31, Larouche lost again, 8-4, and down he sat for three weeks while Herron, who had been benched for nearly six weeks, and Sevigny split the duties. On Feb. 24, Larouche got another chance, and he played well in a 2-2 tie at St. Louis. Afterward he said, "I have played my last game for the Canadiens. I don't care where they trade me. I just don't want to play for this team anymore." Last week Montreal obliged by sending Larouche to Toronto for Defenseman Robert Picard and a draft choice.

Oddly, as unsettling as the situation has been, it has had little effect on the team's defensive performance. All four goalies have had at least one shutout, and no team has given up fewer goals than Montreal. Ruel seems to have settled on Sevigny as his No. 1 man. His record is 16-0-1 in the Forum this year and 1-2 on the road, and he has an excellent goals-against average of 2.29. But Sevigny has never been tested in the playoffs, and he has the dangerous habit of dropping to his knees to play high shots.

Still, rookie goalies have won Stanley Cups (Dryden did it in 1971), and the fact that Sevigny has the league's best defense in front of him will certainly make his job easier. Brian Engholm and Rod Langway have emerged as top defenders. Larry Robinson is the best, and Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe have been through the wars so many times they can survive by memory. "They won the Cup with that same defense two years ago," says Berenson. "Our team doesn't look down on any club, but we still look up to a few, and the Canadiens are one of them. It takes a while to get over that."

It took two periods to get over it Thursday night. Most of the pressure was on the Canadiens, who had a 20-game unbeaten streak at home. If they had any hope of finishing first in the overall standings, they needed to beat St. Louis. And while Montreal did, indeed, come away with two points in the 4-3 win, the Blues came away with fewer stars in their eyes. That should serve them well if the two teams meet in the playoffs. As Canadian Center Doug Riseborough said afterward, "This was a very big game for us, a very big win. I just wish I felt a little better about it."

END

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Forget low—or slender—profiles when you're discussing Fernando Valenzuela, a rookie to treasure

by STEVE WOLF

NO HIDEAWAY FOR FERNANDO

The Natural is supposed to be a blue-eyed boy who teethed on a 36-ounce Louisville Slugger. He should run like the wind and throw boysenberries through brick. He should come from California.

The Dodgers have one this year, only he's *El Natural*. His name is Fernando Valenzuela, and with apologies to the 150 citizens of Etchohuaquila, Mexico, he comes from nowhere. His ancestry is Mayan Indian, and he speaks just enough English to order a beer. He is a left-handed pitcher, and his body is more reminiscent of former Dodger left-hander Tommy Lasorda than it is of former Dodger left-hander Sandy Koufax. His future is more Koufax, though, than Lasorda.

Los Angeles fans got a tantalizing

glimpse of Valenzuela in the last weeks of the 1980 season, when the Dodgers called him up from San Antonio of the Class AA Texas League to help them in their fight for the National League West title. Without Valenzuela, the Dodgers might not have forced the one-game playoff with the Houston Astros. In 10 relief appearances covering 17½ innings, Valenzuela allowed no earned runs, struck out 16 and had two victories and a save. In the short time he spent with L.A., he captured the heart of the Mexican community that surrounds Dodger Stadium, and it is no coincidence that he graces the back cover of the Dodgers' 1981 media guide.

Media guides are replete with hope, for "rookie" in baseball's lexicon means hope, and every big league team has youngsters who are being counted on to come through, either now or in the near future. The Montreal Expos, for example, expect Tim Lincecum, minor league player of the year in 1980, to fill a gap in their

I give him the signs," says Ferguson.

Valenzuela is only 20, but he throws as if he were 34, which is his uniform number. Koufax, now a Dodger special pitching instructor, says, "It's very unusual for someone that young to have such control over so many pitches." Koufax says Valenzuela reminds him of Ron Perranoski, the renowned Dodger relief pitcher of the 1960s, because of his build. Perranoski, now the Dodgers' pitching coach, says Valenzuela reminds him of Jim Brewer, who succeeded Perranoski in the bullpen, because of his screwball. Dodger Vice President Al Campanis says Valenzuela reminds him of Carl Erskine, a Dodger hero of Ebbets Field days, because of his pose. One thing they all say: he's a natural.

"He throws so damn easy, it's sickening," says Rightfielder Reggie Smith.

"He's an amazing pitcher," says Brian Holton, who pitched with Valenzuela in the minor leagues. "At San Antonio we called him the Amazing Chief. It was a gross mismatch every time he went out there last summer."

"He may not speak good English," says Ducky Lefohn, Valenzuela's manager at San Antonio, "but he speaks pretty good baseball."

Valenzuela was born Nov. 1, 1960 in Navjojo on the west coast of Mexico. The Dodgers know this because Campanis sent Mike Brito, the scout who signed Valenzuela, to Navjojo to pick up his birth certificate. "I knew nobody would believe how young he was, unless we got some proof," says Campanis.

Fernando was the last of 12 children of Avelino and Maria Valenzuela; often fans might be interested to know that he was the seventh son. The family has a small farm in Etchohuaquila, a settlement about 20 miles north of Navjojo. "The family is very, very poor," says Brito. "The farm is about half the size of the Dodger Stadium infield, about from shortstop to home plate." The family would work its own land in the morning, and the sons would work for money on a ranch in the afternoon. Fernando vows that with his first big money, he will buy his family a ranch.

Mexican kids play either soccer or baseball, and much as he liked soccer, Valenzuela says through an interpreter, "God put the talent in my arm, not in my feet." His eldest brother, Rafael, dis-

outfield right away, whereas the Pittsburgh Pirates, solid behind the plate, can afford to be patient with an impressive rookie catcher named Tony Pena.

If Valenzuela fulfills Dodger hopes and becomes the third Los Angeles pitcher in a row to be named National League Rookie of the Year (following Rick Sutcliffe and Steve Howe), it will be because of his *lanzamiento de romillo*, which is Spanish for screwie. It usually takes years to master the screwball; Valenzuela did it in one season, and he has two of them, slow and fast. Dodger Catcher Joe Ferguson maintains that Valenzuela also has two kinds of fastball, straight and sinking, as well as a terrific curve, a changeup and a mediocre slider. "I run out of fingers when



ONLY 25, the portly Valenzuela may look tubby, but he runs three miles a day. He pitched 17½ scoreless innings in relief for the Dodgers late last season.

covered that talent when Fernando was 13. "It was a winter day, and we were just throwing the ball around," Fernando says. "Rafael told me, 'You have the arm to be a pitcher.'" Fernando became so good that he started playing professionally in Mexico after only a year of high school.

The Dodgers found him purely by accident, but that story really starts with Brito, a Cuban who caught in the Washington Senators farm system until a home-plate collision wrecked his elbow in 1959. Brito bounced around the Mexican leagues for a while before finally quitting as a player and settling down in Los Angeles. He drove an RC Cola truck and in his spare time ran an amateur baseball league. On one of the teams was a pitcher named Bobby Castillo, who had failed as an infielder in the Kansas City Royals' organization. Brito recommended Castillo to the Dodgers, and when Castillo proved his worth, Brito became a fulltime Dodger scout.

Soon after his promotion, Brito went down to Silao, Mexico to look at a shortstop in a Mexican rookie league. "All the hotels in Silao were booked—it was Holy Week—so I ended up sleeping in the bus station on the only four chairs in there," recalls Brito. After a fitful night, he waited around for the game between Silao and Guanajuato. He watched the shortstop, but he also noticed that the pitcher for the other team was striking everybody out, including his prized prospect. By the end of the game, Valenzuela had 12 strikeouts and the scout's undivided attention. "I couldn't believe he was only 17," says Brito.

He reported his find to Campanis, who the next year went down to Yucatan, where Valenzuela was then pitching, and liked what he saw. "He struck out Earl Williams, who was still a pretty good hitter," says Campanis. Valenzuela belonged to the Puebla club of the Mexican League, and the Dodgers began protracted negotiations with owner Jaime Avella, a prosperous Mexican Volkswagen dealer. Puebla was reluctant to let Fernando go, but Avella said the Dodgers would get first crack if they did decide to sell him. The two teams finally reached agreement, and on July 6, 1979 the Dodgers paid Puebla a reported \$120,000, of which Valenzuela got \$20,000. (One of the reasons there are

continued

few Mexican players in the majors is that Mexican clubs like to hold on to them. But the Puebla club was fair: When the Yankees, who also coveted Fernando, raised the bid to \$150,000, Avella honored the Dodgers' offer.)

Valenzuela was sent to Lodi in the Class A California League for the last weeks of the 1979 season, and in 24 innings he gave up only three earned runs. But Campanis felt that Valenzuela's fastball and curveball weren't enough, so he asked Castillo to go to the Arizona Instructional League the following winter and teach Fernando the screwball. Castillo, who had learned the pitch by watching Pirate reliever Enrique Romo throw on the sidelines in the Mexican League, says that Valenzuela picked it up right away. Says Castillo, "You have to learn to throw it without putting a strain on your arm. I remember talking to Carl Hubbell during an Old-Timers' Game, and he said the secret is to throw it at two different speeds."

Perranoski recalls that Warren Spahn taught Brewer how to throw the screwie, but it was three years before Brewer could use it effectively. Valenzuela conquered the pitch in just a few months. "I saw Fernando three times last year," says Perranoski, then the Dodgers' minor-league pitching coach. "The first time he was getting away with some mistakes. The second time he was making fewer



INTENSE Tony Peña from the Dominican Republic battled a hot .327 in the minor leagues in 1980, upped that to .429 in 21 trips to the plate after joining the Pirates.

mistakes. The third time it was like watching a great horse in his last workout before the Kentucky Derby."

In his last eight games at San Antonio, Valenzuela had a 7-0 record with an 0.87 ERA and 78 strikeouts in 62 innings. New York Mets Outfielder Mike Howard, who batted against Fernando in the Texas League, said, "He was awesome. Great control, sneaky fastball. And that screwball—it breaks this much." Jackson held his hands wide apart.

Dodger advance scouts Jerry Stephenson and Charlie Metro filed glowing reports on Valenzuela. Says Lasorda, "They told me not to be afraid to use him in any situation. Usually, you use a kid like that in games that are already won or lost. But we used him in tight games in the middle of the pennant race."

The Dodgers called Valenzuela up on Sept. 10, after he had made only 30 appearances in their farm system. His first game was on Sept. 15 against Atlanta, and his first catcher was rookie Mike Scioscia. "It was the blind leading the blind," says Scioscia. "I know a little Spanish, but not enough to get a translator's job at the U.N. But he knew what he was doing." In two innings Valenzuela gave up two unearned runs but only one hit. Some rookie pitchers might have been afraid of Bob Horner, but Valenzuela retired him on an easy fly. He had never heard of Horner, anyway. In fact, Valenzuela didn't know who Koufax

was before he signed with the Dodgers.

After blanking the Reds twice and the Giants once in relief, Valenzuela picked up his first save on Sept. 27 against the Padres. His first win came in a relief appearance against the Giants on Sept. 30. His second came in the opener of the final series with the Astros: he pitched the ninth and 10th innings and made Cesar Cedeno look silly on a fastball, a fast



SWITCH-HITTING Paul Householder is a solid bet to make it big with Cincinnati.



CHEERFUL Tim Raines is Montreal's candidate to succeed Ron LeFlore.

screwball and a slow screwball. On the final day of the regular season, when the Dodgers won to pull into a first-place tie with Houston, he had two more shutout innings. And in the playoff loss on Oct. 6, he blanked the Astros for two innings.

The ovations in Dodger Stadium grew each time Valenzuela walked out of the bullpen. Hard as it is to believe, Valenzuela is only the second native Mexican to pitch for the Dodgers since their move to Los Angeles; José Peña, a reliever from 1970 to '72, was the other. "I've never seen anything like it," says Rudy Hoyos, an actor and Spanish-language broadcaster for the Dodgers, who handles some of the translating chores for Valenzuela. "They love him already."

The adulation continued this winter when Valenzuela pitched in Mexico's Pacific League. All of his announced starts were sellouts, and he lived up to his fame with a 12-5 record, an ERA of 1.65 and 154 strikeouts in 147 innings.

As unlikely as Valenzuela's story is, his body is even more unlikely. The Dodgers list him as 5' 11" and 180 pounds, which is a joke. The height is right, but the weight is off by about 20 pounds. Fernando says he has always been a big kid. And he loves his beer. "It's so hot in Mexico that beer is like water," he says, "and the beer is very good." Mexican beer is very good, and Valenzuela is living testament to its quality.



AWESOMELY TALENTED, according to Cleveland's brass, Von Hayes is being groomed to play somewhere: second base, centerfield, first base or third base.

"I remember one time last year," says Mike Marshall, not the former reliever but a rookie first baseman, "the Chief waited at the airport for two days for his girl friend to show up. After the second day, when she still hadn't arrived, we saw him go into a grocery store. He came out with a six-pack of Budweiser and headed for his room, head down, belly out. He was going to drown his sorrows." Beer is the universal language.

Although Valenzuela looks pudgy, he is not out of shape; he runs three miles a day. He just eats like a horse. "My only worry," says Red Adams, the Dodgers pitching coach emeritus, "is that somebody will decide Fernando should lose weight, and then he will become the best-conditioned pitcher at Lodi this year."

Language has not been an impediment to Valenzuela's appetite. "I go to a restaurant and point at what I want on the menu," he says. "I have been surprised, but never disappointed." He thinks that too much has been made of his beer-drinking. He worries more about the blisters that occasionally sprout on his throwing hand than about his weight.

The Dodgers don't know yet what role Valenzuela will play for them this season. If they need help in the bullpen, he may have to return there. Otherwise, he'll be a starter. And while there may be occasional language problems with his teammates, there is no communications



BUSINESSLIKE Dave Edler has taken over third for the Seattle Mariners.

barrier. "He was the most popular guy on the San Antonio club last year," says Marshall. "He didn't say anything, but the Chief had the spirit of the clubhouse. Sometimes he'd make funny faces or spit water next to your feet."

His minor league nickname, "the Chief," came from the Indian character in the movie version of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Most of the Dodgers now call him Freddy in an effort to Anglicize Fernando. Some of them try to speak to him in Spanish, but it's usually of the *el bat*, *el ball*, *el hit* y run variety. One thing Valenzuela does understand is comedy. He loved Max Patkin, the Clown Prince of Baseball, when he visited San Antonio last year, and he sat laughing with Ted Giannoulas, the San Diego Chicken, at poolside for 20 minutes before Giannoulas realized that Fernando didn't understand English. Comedy is the universal language.

"He's actually a very quiet guy," says rookie Outfielder Mark Bradley, Valenzuela's roommate at Dodgertown in Vero Beach. "We try to get him to go out, but he just has two beers and goes to sleep. He does like video games, though." Space Invaders is the universal language.

Says Catcher Steve Yeager, "I only hope he never learns enough English to read the headlines about himself. He certainly doesn't need English to pitch." That's because baseball is the universal language.

ENR



FIGHTING THE RULERS OF THE WBA

by **PAT PUTNAM**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BART FORENS



SPECIAL REPORT: PART II

More brazenly even than the WBC, its counterpart, the World Boxing Association has spun a web of dubious practices from its power base in Panama

Owed a title fight, junior middleweight Kalule was obliged to cool his heels for 23 months while the WBA wheeled and dealt

ven, the WBA powers care not. They flaunt their excesses: blatantly sanctioning ridiculous title fights while clogging the ratings with fighters who are ranked far higher than they should be.

"These WBA people are all liars," charges Danish promoter Mogens Palle. "Unless you send them mail that is registered, they claim they never receive it. You ask them for the rules, and they say they'll send them, but they never do. You ask for justice and they say be patient. But don't hold your breath. They give you nothing. They don't want anyone to have the rules, so no one will know when they are breaking them. When only the top people have the rules, they can play any game they want."

Palle is the manager of WBA junior middleweight champion Ayub Kalule, 27, a Ugandan who lives in Copenhagen. Kalule will defend his title against Sugar Ray Leonard, the WBC welterweight champ, on June 19 in Houston. For Kalule the difficult part of becoming champion was not his fight against Japan's Masashi Kudo, a titleholder of modest ability easily beaten by Kalule in 1979. His roughest fight was with the WBA, which blocked him from a shot at the championship for 23 months after he became the leading contender. Kalule had qualified for a title fight in November 1977. He was stonewalled until October 1979. What happened in between illustrates almost everything wrong with the WBA.

Before becoming a fighter, Kalule, the son of a Kampala butcher, had been an outstanding schoolboy sprinter and soccer player. Then he read a magazine article on Muhammad Ali and decided he'd rather fight than run. He patterned himself after his older brother, Zaid, a fine amateur boxer. Zaid was a southpaw, Kalule is a natural rightshander. Fol-

continued

Despite its all-encompassing title, the World Boxing Association is more parochial than catholic. It is, in effect, a fraternal club for Latin Americans, with its base of power in Panama. A few auxiliaries have been granted conditional licenses in South Africa and the Orient, but for only as long as South Africans continue their unswerving support and the Far East provides a steady cash flow. Complainers are banished to the rear of the line, just behind the U.S.

With the exception of the two years (1978-79) when Mandry Galindez of Venezuela was president, since 1975 the WBA has been in the tentacular grasp of Dr. Elias Cordova and Rodrigo Sanchez, Panamanians who maintain iron control over the only executive posts that matter: the presidency and the ratings committee chairmanship. Everything else is rubber-stamp.

The World Boxing Council at least attempts to present a facade of respectability. Snug in their safe Panamanian ha-

lowing his brother's lead, Kalule became a southpaw, too—which gives him a tremendous jab and hook.

In 1974, after winning British Commonwealth, All-Africa and All-World amateur titles, Kalule was named Africa's Athlete of the Year. Intense pressure was put on him to remain an amateur for the greater glory of Uganda, but like most African fighters of quality, he eventually left his homeland for Europe and lucrative purses.

Early in 1976, while touring Scandinavia with the Uganda team, Kalule met Palle, who offered him a professional career. Within a month, Kalule had returned to Denmark with his wife, Ziyada, and their daughters, Marian and Zaidia; another daughter, Dauswa, and a son, Sadat, have since been born.

Kalule made his debut on April 8, 1976, winning a four-round decision over

Kurt Hombach in Copenhagen. Since then his life-style, which is frugal, has changed little. Every morning he runs at least two miles, and he trains twice a day, once in the morning, again in the afternoon. Kalule is an outstanding boxer and a respected if not heavy puncher. By late 1977 his pro record was 12-0, with three of the victories having come over former WBA champions: Spain's Jose Luis Duran, Brazil's Miguel Castellini and the Bahamas' Elisha Obed. In November 1977 Kalule became the WBA's leading junior middleweight contender, which meant that the champion, Eddie Gazo of Nicaragua, should have been ordered to fight him. It's a WBA rule that a champion must fight the leading available contender every six months.

The powers of the WBA, however, weren't about to throw one of their own, especially one as inept as Gazo, in against a Kalule. The Nicaraguan had taken the title from Castellini, who had won it from Duran. All were mediocre at best. Kalule had already knocked out Duran and later he would knock out Castellini. Gazo would have been a certain third victim.

Desperate to find an easy opponent, Cordova, then in the last of three one-year terms as president, turned to the Orient. Junior middleweights in Japan and Korea are like heavyweights in Mexico, not very good. Selected for Gazo's first defense was Koichi Wajima, a 34-year-old former champion who hadn't had a fight since being knocked out 13 months before. No problem. Despite that defeat and Wajima's inactivity since then, the WBA ranked him No. 6; the light-punching Gazo stopped him in 11 rounds. Wajima never fought again.

Gazo's next opponent was Kenji Shibata, a fairly decent Japanese fighter but one who had lost three of his last 11 fights. The WBA ranked him No. 8, and in September 1977 Gazo, despite looking like an amateur, defeated Shibata on a decision. Although Kalule was now clearly the leading contender, and was so ranked, the WBA chose to ignore him. Instead, Cordova tapped a Korean, Lim Che-Kwan, who was rated No. 8 under the name of Jaekun Yim, to fight Gazo. The alias wasn't a WBA deception so much as an indication of its indifference to accuracy. Lim, or Yim, lost a split decision on Dec. 18, 1977.

For that fight, Gazo was paid \$80,000. By now the WBA had been taken over by Galindez, an accountant with the Venezuelan Ministry of Transport and Communication, and Gazo's protective blanket came unraveled. In August 1978 Masashi Kudo, a Japanese possessed of slight skill but considerable courage, surprised everyone by defeating Gazo on a split decision.

Kudo's victory came 10 months after Kalule had been named the leading contender. No WBA junior middleweight champion had made a mandatory defense in the previous 22 months, not since Castellini had won the title in a mandatory fight against José Duran on Oct. 9, 1976. Galindez had come in as Cordova's hand-picked replacement. While Sanchez remained in charge of ratings, Cordova took over Galindez' old post as chair-

Panemoneo Sanchez (right) and Cordova exert iron control over the WBA, alternating as president and chairman of the ratings committee.



man of the championship committee. Galindez turned out to be a rebel (see box page 36), but one point they all did agree on was that Kudo's first defense would be against a Korean named Ho Joo, who had just been stripped of his Oriental & Pacific Boxing Federation title for running out on a scheduled OPBF defense. Ho Joo, previously ranked No. 7, was elevated to No. 6 by the WBA, and the title fight was sanctioned for December 1978 in Japan.

In Denmark the funning Palle had had enough. Kalule's manager fired off the first of more than 100 cablegrams to the WBA. Before he was through, Palle would spend \$20,000 on cables, telephone calls and travel expenses in his fight to have the WBA recognize Kalule as the mandatory challenger.

In response, when the September 1978 ratings were issued, the WBA arrogantly replaced the still undefeated Kalule as the leading contender, with Gert Steyn, a South African of no great ability who had been rated since July 1977. The WBA has a fondness for South African fighters—on the whole, a courageous lot but woefully trained—and for luxurious trips to the land of gold and diamonds and racial unrest.

If Steyn's rise to the top came as a surprise, Kalule's demotion was even more stunning. From the time he was first named the leading challenger until his demotion, Kalule had won 10 fights, seven inside the distance, without a loss. In the same period Steyn had won three, none against a world-class opponent. This was the same Steyn who, at the end of 1976, had been knocked out by Mike Nixon, an American club fighter.

Spang Thomsen, general secretary of the Danish Boxing Commission, was so incensed at the WBA's act that he wired Galindez: "We find no justice and sporting spirit among WBA officers . . . disgusting politics."

Galindez wrote back to say that the WBA had realized it made a mistake in moving Steyn ahead of Kalule. "I shall inform the Chairman of the Ratings Committee to clarify this situation," Galindez replied. "Sometime a lack of information create confusion and a boxer is moved up or dropped without any apparent reason."

Kalule was re-ranked as No. 1 challenger in January 1979. After the ratings were released, the Danes received a cable from Mike Mortimer, a South African

continued



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can who had been named head of the championship committee after Cordova had resigned to make an unsuccessful bid to unseat Galindez in the 1978 WBA presidential elections. The wire read: "If Kalule holds this position [No. 1 contender] at the time compulsory defense due will naturally enforce his right." The compulsory defense had been due since April 1977, 18 months before Mortimer sent that cable. No mention was made of that oversight.

On Dec. 7, 1978, Kalule had defeated Kevin Finnegan, a tough British middleweight, to run his record to 25-0. Palle immediately cabled Saburo Arashida, promoter of the Kudo-Joo fight, with an offer to fight the winner. Six days later Kudo defeated Joo on a split decision. (Just 64 days thereafter Kalule would knock out the appallingly bad Joo in the second round.)

On Dec. 23, 1978, Arashida cabled Palle: "Masashi Kudo fight already contracted. Will take place against Manuel Gonzalez (Argentina). Will consider negotiation after this fight." Gonzalez was ranked No. 5.

The angry Danes filed an immediate protest with Galindez, who three days later wired: "Kudo-Gonzalez fight not approved nor requested [sic]. Sanction February 8 mandatory fight date." Said Palle, "Can you believe this liar had the nerve to send me such a cable?"

As the Danes would discover quickly enough, the Kudo-Gonzalez fight, of course, had been requested and it had been approved. Mortimer was in Japan for the Kudo-Joo fight. While there he had advanced the possibility of Kudo fighting Steyn. The Japanese were horrified. Japan belongs to both the WBA and the WBC, and the latter group, by personal command of José Salimán, its president, forbids fights against South Africans because of that country's apartheid policy.

The Japanese rejected Mortimer's offer. And as Mortimer would confirm later, on or about Dec. 16 it had been agreed that Kudo would fight Gonzalez—a month before Galindez, as WBA president, solemnly told the Danes by cable that no such fight had even been requested. He would later repeat that statement to them in person.

On Jan. 17, 1979 Palle and Galindez met in New York City. Once again the WBA president swore that there would be no fight between Kudo and Gonzalez.



Mortimer, in the middle in the Kalule affair

"Kalule will have his mandatory fight in March," Galindez promised. In February, as Kudo continued to duck Palle's attempts to negotiate a Kalule fight, the Danes cabled Galindez to ask what was happening. The WBA president wrote back: "As you must know, he [Palle] met me ... in New York and everything regarding Kalule situation was smooth [sic] solved. ... You are on the way when believe I strictly stick to my word and rules." Six days later Mortimer cabled the Danes that he'd just been notified by Japanese officials that Kudo had contracted to fight Gonzalez in Tokyo.

By now the compulsory defense was 22 months overdue. Playing out the fraud, Mortimer concluded, "My telex to championship committee reads as follows: Masashi Kudo compulsory defence against Steyn ... could not take [place] for political reasons. Kudo agreed 16th December to fight Manuel Gonzalez for title in Japan 14th March 1979. ... Kudo now asks sanction fight against Gonzalez as commitment entered in good faith ... and before Kalule available."

The italics in Mortimer's cable are ours. The date bares the lie. The second italicized passage is an outright falsehood. Galindez had already admitted that moving Steyn ahead of Kalule had

been a mistake. Now the WBA was using its own mistake as a device for ignoring Kalule's reign as top challenger since November 1977.

On March 14, 1979, Kudo defeated Gonzalez on a controversial decision. Nine days later Mortimer told Palle that Bill Miller of the U.S., a WBA executive who was the official observer at the fight, had, because of the controversy, recommended an immediate rematch. Palle sent a cable of protest to Mortimer, Galindez and Ron Hayter, a Canadian who is chairman of the WBA's grievance and appeals committee.

Early in April the WBA clan met in New Orleans. In executive session they sanctioned the Kudo-Gonzalez rematch. Only Hayter, who in disgust had threatened to pull Canada from the WBA unless it cleaned up its act, backed Palle's protest. He wrote Galindez, "I find it absolutely incredible that Kalule, unbeaten in 27 professional fights, should be treated in this fashion. He deserves a shot at the title. It is long overdue."

Galindez ignored the letter and recommendation. Instead, on May 2, he wrote Palle: "All the championship matters ... are handled by the committee and I only back up their decisions if has been taken in accordance the rules. I only want you maintain your faith on the WBA and its leaders. Trust is the basis of a real friendship relationship. ..."

Then Galindez met with his friend, Ramiro Machado, a Colombian promoter who was also the manager of his countryman, junior middleweight Emiliano Villa, to discuss plans for Kudo's first fight following the Gonzalez rematch. The bout was not to be with Kalule, but with Villa.

Galindez wrote the Japanese that he not only approved a fight with Villa, but that he also would personally sanction it. It would prove to be his Waterloo. On June 29, 1979 Kudo stopped Gonzalez nine seconds into the 12th round. This time there was no controversy. A few weeks later a wire-service story out of Bogotá, Colombia reported that Kudo would next defend his title against Villa in Tokyo. Palle wired Mortimer to ask if this were true. Mortimer answered that Kudo was going to fight Kalule next and that no other fight would be sanctioned.

Then after months of trying to negotiate to fight Kudo, on Sept. 14 Palle received this cable from Japanese promoter Munekazu Kawaragi: "The contract

... between Kudo and Emiliano Villa... has been already approved by the president of the WBA and the title match has also been already scheduled."

It was an extremely irate Palle who stormed into Miami Beach a week later for the opening of the WBA's 1979 convention. There he found unexpected allies in Cordova and Sanchez, who wanted the WBA power base returned to Panama. After his unsuccessful bid of the year before, Cordova this time had decided to see if Sanchez could unseat Galindez.

"Who the hell do we vote for?" asked a dismayed Richard Farah, a boxing promoter and manager representing the Trinidad-Tobago commission. "What is the difference: Galindez or Sanchez? One is a deep river, the other an ocean. One is full of piranha, the other full of sharks. They give us a hell of a choice: we can vote for incompetence or we can vote for corruption."

"This man Galindez is a ridiculous person, a liar," said Palle. "He kept telling me to be patient, that the Villa fight hadn't been approved when he'd approved it himself."

On Sept. 25, 1979 the case of Palle vs. Galindez went before the WBA executive committee. Galindez said, "There is nothing better than compliance with the law." During the preceding week the WBA had urged Palle and the Japanese to work out a solution. Now Mortimer was asked by Galindez if anything had been resolved. Mortimer said no. One of the Japanese stood up and waved a document. "We have a contract to fight Villa duly signed by a representative of the WBA," he said.

Uncertain of his command of English, Palle had asked Bob Arum, the American promoter, to speak for him at the meeting. Now Arum demanded, "Who signed the contract?" The Japanese replied, "Mandry Galindez." Those in the room looked at Galindez, who was impassive.

Turning back to the Japanese representative, Mortimer said, "The championship committee voted nothing for you. Our recommendation still stands that you fight Kalule." At this the Japanese sighed. Then with quiet dignity he said, "The Nippon commission approved this contract and I'll tell you why. They approved it because it was not signed by just any one person but by the president of the WBA. It's not the intention of the Nippon commission to accuse any one per-

son. We are used to keeping our word."

With the president trapped, the executive committee tried to bail him out. Said Bill Miller, the executive secretary, "Look, the reality is that men are human and make mistakes. Let's let the two parties talk until Friday, and if they haven't reached a solution by then—then we'll make it for them." Faced with that ultimatum, the Japanese had no choice but to let Kalule fight Kudo. The bout took place on Oct. 29, 1979. With Kudo running and Kalule chasing, it was no contest. Kalule won a very easy 15-round decision. And Sanchez won the election by four votes. So the sharks had retaken command.

Cordova was a highly respected general surgeon in Panama City, now retired. Sanchez is a minor employee of the Panama government. In April last year Sugar Ray Leonard, after negotiations for his first WBC welterweight title fight with Panama's Roberto Duran were stalled, offered to first fight Pipino Cuevas of Mexico, then the WBA's welterweight champion. The Panamanians were less than happy with the thought that their beloved Duran was about to be bypassed for a Mexican under their control.

Just after nightfall on April 10 last year the telephone rang in the Mexico City home of Lupo Sanchez, manager of Cuevas. The caller identified himself as Colonel Ruben Parede, commander of the Panama National Guard, one of the most powerful men in the country. Colonel Parede has no official connection with the WBA. Still, he told Sanchez that there would be no Cuevas-Leonard fight. "If you fight him and even if you win," he warned, "it will mean nothing, because we will strip you of your WBA title." A few days later Sanchez announced that, because of cuts suffered by Cuevas in his last fight, he would be unavailable for Leonard. With a single stroke a Panamanian colonel had effectively killed a legitimate fight between an American and a Mexican that would have been promoted by an American (Arum), televised by an American network (ABC) and fought in an American city.

York Van Nixon, the chairman of the Washington, D.C. boxing commission, sits on the WBA executive committee. As a member of the committee, he was assigned to go to Houston and act as the official observer at WBA featherweight

champion Eusebio Pedroza's defense against Ruben Olivares on July 21, 1979. Pedroza is a Panamanian. Once one of the world's great bantamweights, Olivares, a Mexican, was nearing 33 and reduced to fighting journeyman. The WBA had Olivares ranked as No. 8.

In the final hour before the fight Pedroza's people suddenly demanded that they be paid their purse of \$110,000 in cash—in advance. After a lot of arguing, Van Nixon finally got the money from the promoter, who had gotten it from the box office. Under police escort, Van Nixon rushed six blocks to the Ramada Inn where Pedroza was staying.

"I didn't realize until after I got to the hotel that Dr. Cordova and Sanchez were the spearheads behind the whole thing," Van Nixon says. "I told them it was one hell of a time to demand \$110,000 in cash. There is nothing in our regulations that requires a fighter to be paid in advance." Seeing the money, Pedroza left for the arena and an easy victory. Now there was a problem of what to do with that much cash. The Ramada desk clerk refused responsibility. At Sanchez's suggestion, the money was placed in a hotel safety deposit box, with Van Nixon to hold the key until the next morning. Sanchez hired a guard to stay at the hotel all night. "I couldn't believe it," says Van Nixon. "Here was the president of the WBA hiring a guard to protect somebody else's money."

At seven the next morning Van Nixon returned to the hotel, where, he says, Sanchez demanded the key to the safety-deposit box. "No," Van Nixon says he told him. "The money belongs to the fighter, and I'll only give the money to him or his manager."

According to Van Nixon, Sanchez continued to demand the key. Van Nixon telephoned Bob Busse, chairman of the Texas Boxing Commission. Rushing to the hotel, Busse called Santiago del Rio, Pedroza's manager, from his room and fined him \$1,000 for the freight demand for the purse. Van Nixon says he handed Del Rio the key, and Del Rio in turn gave it to Sanchez. The WBA president went off to collect the money. After retrieving the \$110,000 in cash, Van Nixon says, Sanchez peeled off \$1,000 and gave it to Busse. He said it was to pay the fine.

Van Nixon says he recalls thinking, "Something stinks."

continued

Not long afterward, in his role as head of the D.C. commission, Van Nixon was faced with another WBA prelude-fight purse demand. This time he balked.

The fight was to have been in Washington between Ernesto Espina, a Venezuelan fighting out of Puerto Rico, then the WBA lightweight champion, and Leonidas Asprilla of Colombia. Espina is managed by Pepito Cordero, a traveling companion and confidant of Cordova and Sanchez. In February 1964 Cordero was convicted on two counts of burglary in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He was sentenced to two-to-five years on one count, five-to-10 on the other. He was pardoned in the early 1970s by Rafael Hernandez Colon, then governor of Puerto Rico. Cordero moved into boxing right after that, hitting it big by owning pieces of four world champions, Espina, Angel Espada, Eusebio de Jesus and Samuel Serrano. Before the Espina-Asprilla fight Cordero approached Van Nixon and demanded that Espina's purse be paid in advance—or, as in Houston, no fight.

"Then I learned that Sanchez and Dr. Cordova were in town but ducking me," says Van Nixon. "I could see the same thing happening that had happened in Houston: Sanchez and Cordova taking the money." Van Nixon suspended Espina and there was no fight.

Sammy Serrano of Puerto Rico won the WBA junior lightweight title on Oct. 16, 1976 and successfully defended it 10 times before being knocked out last August by Japan's Yasutsune Uehara, an incredibly bad fighter. Serrano is a good boxer, but his style is awkward and he lacks any kind of a punch.

However, he's managed by Cordero, and the only thing better than that is being allowed in the ring with a baseball bat. Cordero spent a lot of time in boxing's cemeteries digging up Serrano's opponents. The officials were selected with equal care: in at least six of Serrano's defenses, Larry Rozadilla, an American, worked as either the referee or as a judge, and he was always backed by at least one Latin-American official. In two of

Serrano's fights that Rozadilla didn't work, all three of the officials were from Puerto Rico.

There has been no suggestion by anyone that any official is paid more than the customary fee, which is ample. The WBC now pays each official \$2,400 for working a heavyweight title fight; \$1,200 for other weight classes. For all fights the WBA pays a straight \$800 to its referees, \$400 to judges. And Rozadilla, as are many of his peers, is a competent official. The trouble is, some officials have been told, either subtly or directly, that either they lean in the right direction or the excellent pay and the all-expenses-paid trips around the world will go to more cooperative judges and referees. This is as wrong as a straight buyout.

In a period of 42 months after he won the title, Serrano made just three mandatory defenses—for an organization, remember, that by rule demands that its champions defend against the top contender every six months.

Even those mandatory defenses were continued



GALINDEZ AND THE SCRUTABLE ORIENT

Even boxing men hardened to the cavalier ways of the WBA are sometimes surprised. In 1977 a Japanese promoter of a title fight wooed when Dr. Elia Cordova, then the WBA president, informed him that to sanction the bout the WBA would need seven round-trip air fares to Tokyo, plus first-class hotel and dining accommodations. When the group arrived, it included Cordova and Rodrigo Sanchez, chairman of the ratings committee; their wives; Pepito Cordero, a Puerto Rican fight manager-promoter, and two additional WBA fight observers.

"The promoter complained to me," said one of the officials there to work the fight. "I asked him why he didn't just say no. He told me that if he complained he wouldn't get the sanction. Then the next day the promoter had to take the whole group to a Tokyo discount house where they picked out pearls, jewel boxes and silk kimonos. The promoter paid for everything in cash."

Then there was the manager in Colombia, the kind of inoperative emerald, who was desperate to have one of his fighters rated but was short of cash. "No problem," he was told by a WBA official. "My daughter collects emerald earrings." The fighter was rated—and the daughter had a new set of earrings.

Shortly after Mandley Galindez was elected president of the WBA, he took a tour of the Orient. Although he has his weaknesses,

he also has certain standards. While in Korea he encountered a parade of managers and promoters, all trying to put money in his hands. One manager asked, "Are you the man we now pay for the ratings?" Galindez was so angry that as he prepared to return home to Caracas he called ahead and ordered Cordova, then the executive council chairman, and Sanchez, still head of the ratings committee, to meet him at the Panama City airport, where he had a stopover. At the airport Galindez accused the pair of taking payoffs, which they denied. "But why did those people keep offering me money?" Galindez wanted to know. Not satisfied with Cordova's and Sanchez' answers, Galindez then called a summit meeting of top WBA executives, including Barney Shankman, then the organization's legal officer. Again Galindez accused Cordova and Sanchez of taking payoffs. Finally, Cordova demanded a full investigation, and just to ensure that it was carried out correctly, he told the group, it would be under his personal supervision. The findings of the investigation were subsequently presented to the executive council.

"The whole thing was absurd, nothing but a joke," said a man who was at that meeting. "Dr. Cordova came in with a pile of letters from Korea and Japan. They all said the same thing. They all said 'Dr. Cordova is not a crook.'"

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little more than farces. The first was against Oh Young Ho, a Korean ranked as a lightweight until two months before fighting Serrano, when he suddenly popped up as the WBA's No. 1 junior lightweight. Serrano, eight inches taller, was ahead all the way, stopping Ho in the ninth round. The officials were a Venezuelan, a Nicaraguan and Rosadilla.

The second mandatory defense was against Happy Boy Mxaji, a South African with the right political connections. As a further accommodation to its South African friends, the WBA put the fight on in Capetown. Although Serrano was a notoriously light hater, after seven rounds Mxaji refused to leave his corner. The officials were a Panamanian, a Venezuelan and Rosadilla.

In February 1978 Serrano won a 15-round decision over Mario Martinez, a Class B fighter from Nicaragua who had been slipped into the ratings only a month before as the No. 8 contender. Serrano won 15 of 15 rounds. All the officials were from Puerto Rico.

A year later Serrano made a voluntary defense against Julio Valdez of the Dominican Republic, who was ranked No. 9. The fight surprised everyone, even championship-committee chairman Mortimer, who thought Serrano was to fight Mxaji next. The Mxaji fight had been signed and sanctioned. No one bothered to tell Mortimer, whose committee is supposed to sanction all title bouts, that Serrano was slipping in an extra fight. Although it was against the rules, Galindez had personally sanctioned it. Farah, the Trinidad-Tobago fight commissioner who has been battling WBA injustices for years, was incensed when he learned of the bootleg title match. He met with Galindez in New York City. "How can you permit this fight?" Farah asked. "Serrano hasn't made an honest mandatory defense since he won the title and he's supposed to fight Mxaji next. You haven't even told your own championship committee about the Valdez fight. It's breaking every rule."

"What are you worried about?" Galindez replied. "It's got nothing to do with you."

Returning home, Farah wrote Mortimer and informed him of the Valdez fight. Just nine days before the bout Mortimer received a cable from Salinas Sports Promotions, Cordero's company, requesting a sanction. Mortimer cabled his answer: "Serrano due to meet Mxaji-

ju next as leading available contender April 7. Serrano mandatory ... is nine months' overdue. Am not prepared to recommend sanction ... repeat fight is not sanctioned and cannot proceed as WBA world championship fight."

Under heavy pressure from the WBA hierarchy, Mortimer gave in three days before the fight. He was so disgusted that he threatened to resign. Farah talked him out of it. "Stay and fight from within," Farah advised.

Then Farah got a telephone call from Cordero, who asked, "Who the hell do you think you are, the attorney general of the WBA?"

"I'm an interested party."

"But who the hell are you? We never heard of you."

"I'm a member of the WBA," Farah said.

Cordero was puzzled. "But you've got nothing to do with this fight," he said. "We are trying to figure out what you want. What do you want?"

Said Farah, "I want you and everybody else to follow the rules of the WBA. You're running it like a personal business. It's not right. You have too much power."

According to Farah, Cordero replied, "You will see how much power. I will fix you at the next convention. You'll be sorry you ever interfered in the business of the WBA."

Serrano beat Valdez easily. He was paid \$150,000 for fighting a nobody in his own hometown with his manager as the local promoter. The officials were a Venezuelan, Rosadilla and another American.

In this issue and the previous one, boxing's international ills have been set forth in brief. For every misdeed cited, dozens of others have been documented—and probably there are as many again as yet uncovered. The inescapable conclusion is that the WBC and WBA are failures. What's to be done? For the U.S., at least, the answer, in the minds of many observers, is to put boxing under federal control, for throughout its history the sport has proved all too clearly that it cannot police itself.

Only a strong federal boxing commissioner empowered to supervise all state and local commissions, the argument goes, can bring the sport to the high level of honesty and respect it deserves. The federal commissioner must be armed



Smelling a rat, Van Hise called off a fight

with a clear-cut set of rules and have the legal muscle to penalize abusers. He might well have the power of sanction over every fight held in the U.S.; certainly he should control all title bouts, which should be conducted under American rules with highly qualified American officials. If the WBA and the WBC demur, say the federalists, let them take their title fights elsewhere.

In addition to responsible control, the adoption of the following is advisable:

- A requirement that promoters be bonded, for the protection of fighters' purses.
- Adherence to a new and realistic set of boxer rankings, which might well be those of *The Ring* magazine, now highly respected.
- The upgrading of standards for all handlers and officials working fights.
- The "grading" of boxers, as done in England, to eliminate mismatches. A boxer would advance through, say, grades E to A to reach world class.
- Retirement and disability programs, as well as hospitalization and life insurance policies for every fighter.

The crisis is real. It is time to act. **END**

VROOM WITH A BRAND-NEW VIEW



CBS' RACECAM GIVES TELEVISION FANS A SEAT IN THE CAR

Normally it wouldn't have been such a big deal: a 24-year-old driver making an unscheduled pit stop midway through a 200-lap race he was given only a fair chance of winning. But if CBS Commentator Ken Squier seemed unusually chagrined as he described Terry Labonte's retirement with a blown engine during last month's Daytona 500, it was understandable: Labonte's Buick was one of two cars CBS had rigged with an Australian-made, remote-controlled camera called Racecam that gave the 500 audience some never-before-seen views from the cockpit of a Grand National stock car.

Racecam is one foot high, 10 inches long and weighs less than three pounds. Its inventors believe it's the smallest TV camera ever made. Secured to the roll cage of a stock car, it can capture the ambience of the car's interior, including the driver's movements and the instrument panel, and can swivel to show cars ahead and behind. Racecam beams microwave signals to a helicopter hovering a mile above a track. The copter relays the signals to a receiver in the infield, which in turn bounces them to a truck at trackside. There, a man, using a joy stick and a little box covered with switches, remote-controls Racecam through its R2D2-like functions of dipping, zooming and panning a full 270 degrees.

Everyday motorists can't stand backseat drivers, so why would a pro want 13 million of them? "It was good coverage and good for

then, the publicity has had drivers virtually falling over each other to get it."

Live in-car coverage first let the tracks when California entrepreneur Tom Spalding's Racevision camera was mounted inside Benny Parsons' Oldsmobile at Daytona in 1979. But Racevision could only shoot straight ahead. Emer Healy and his mates, who had used helicopters and microwave signals to cover brushfires in the Outback. After a year of tinkering, they unveiled Racecam in the fall of 1979 at Australia's 1,000-km Hardie Ferodo race at Bathurst.

CBS stumbled upon the camera a year later when Squier, who was covering a bodybuilding contest in Sydney, went to Bathurst to watch the 1980 Hardie Ferodo. "I was just moving around," Squier says. "I looked in the TV booth and ended up seeing what this camera could do. It was incredible." He brought home a video cassette of the race to show CBS high-ups what he'd discovered, and soon the network obtained exclusive American rights to the system.

At Daytona, CBS could have flinched its new toy more conspicuously, but Director Bob Fehman used Racecam with restraint, switching to Labonte's car just seven times, only once for more than a minute. The first three segments debunked the notion that race drivers aren't athletes; Labonte's hands on the wheel were vibrating madly. What would have been a slight bump at 60 mph was a real

car-shaker at 180. And while other race cars in the vicinity were poor reference points for judging sheer speed, an occasional orange-and-blue Union 76 tower alongside the track came and went in a flash. The viewer experienced both the tedium and tension of racing, learning that it's one part rabbit-led marathon, another part pole vault, with the penalty much higher for grazing the crossbar.

Squier and motor sports analyst David Hobbs noted that Buddy Baker was driving with a crack in his windshield. The best way to "freeze" a moving car is to go to a camera in a vehicle moving just as fast, so, as Baker's Oldsmobile loomed off Labonte's right rear tire, Fishman rotated Racecam and holed in on what looked like a white cyst on Baker's windshield. The shot revealed what Squier and Hobbs couldn't: that the "crack" was a small hole, isolated and well away from the driver's seat.

The last time Fishman went to Racecam he pulled off a nice effect, filling the screen with an infield camera's shot of Cale Yarborough passing Labonte and then using Racecam for an inset of Labonte's view of Yarborough pulling by. Labonte had blown his engine and was fighting the wheel fiercely in the turbulence of Yarborough's wake. Seconds later, Labonte—and Racecam—were out of the 500.

Efforts to activate the other Racecam unit, which had been mounted in Richard Childress' Pontiac, came to naught. There is more electrical interference in a big-engined American stock car than in an Aussie road racer, and static from Childress' ignition system kept breaking up the picture. Healy and CBS Field Operations Chief Ray Savignone are working on that problem. The future may hold other improvements, as well, including an audio link for the driver—something Australian broadcasters have already used.

Based on Racecam shots of his cockpit at Daytona, there's little question what Labonte would say if he were wared for sound. He had chalked up JUSTIN on his dashboard as a greeting to his infant son back in High Point, N.C. Once Labonte seemed to be saluting the TV audience by raising his right hand in front of the rearview mirror. Ahh, Justin was asleep, and Daddy had no way of knowing when the camera was on.

END

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Padilla (71) ripped Nyambui by .06 in the two-mile (top), but their positions were reversed in the mile as the Tanzanian won with a .11 margin.



Double dueling in Detroit

Doug Padilla and Suleiman Nyambui traded tight wins at the NCAA indoors

With four laps remaining in the two-mile run last Saturday afternoon in Detroit, Doug Padilla, a senior at Brigham Young, seemed to be in a no-win situation. He had come to the NCAA indoor track and field championships hoping to upset defending mile and two-mile champion Suleiman Nyambui of Texas-El Paso in both events. But now, in the first of those races, he was caught in a trap of his own making. "I don't have a lot of speed to work with," Padilla had said. "I'm not going to blow someone away with my last-lap kick."

Thus, when Padilla burst past Nyambui and into the lead with five laps to go, it had to deflate him when the 28-year-old Tanzanian stuck on his outside shoulder, showing no sign of strain. Padilla, it seemed, had succeeded only in setting up Nyambui's own powerful finishing kick.

As the two runners entered the 19th of the race's 22 laps, Nyambui moved slightly to the outside and accelerated, drawing alongside Padilla. See you later, Doug. But Nyambui couldn't get past Padilla, his elbows flailing, his choirboy face contorted with effort, was fighting Nyambui off with a prolonged surge. If Padilla didn't have much speed, he at least had grit.

Down the backstretch they went, side by side in a full-out sprint, then around again for another lap at the same grueling pace. Nyambui, who finished second in the 5,000 at the Moscow Olympics, couldn't believe what was happening. When Nyambui eased the pressure, Padilla would pull ahead. Instead of sling-shotting by Padilla, Nyambui seemed to be pushing him along, like a gust of wind

at work on a sail. When they reached the tape, Padilla still hadn't yielded, and his time of 8:26.52 gave him the victory by a mere six hundredths. He had run the last mile in 4:05; the last quarter in 57.7.

Padilla was ashen and his legs were wobbly. He tried a victory lap but couldn't make it around the 160-yard track. At the far turn he stopped and waved feebly to a group of fans, but he was having difficulty remaining upright. Too polite to turn away the lingering reporters who pressed him for such basic information as how he pronounces his name (pah-dee-yuh), yet too dizzy to talk straight, Padilla was finally whisked off to a trainer's room by a teammate. Nyambui had already left the infield of Joe Louis Arena, his hopes for an unprecedented third straight double in ruins.

But there was to be a unique double scored at the two-day meet. Carl Lewis of Houston won the 60-yard dash and the long jump, the latter victory coming on the second-longest leap (despite a woefully short runway) ever recorded indoors, 27' 10". Lewis himself had set the record of 27' 10½" a month ago at the South-west Conference meet, where he also came within .02 of tying Stanley Floyd's 60-yard world record (6.04). Lewis prefers jumping to sprints, but he ranked in the Top 10 in the world last year in both the 100 meters and the long jump. "The two are complementary," he says. "The faster I can run, the further I can jump. It's that simple." SMU triple-jumper Keith Connor, a British Olympian, also was forced to chop two strides off his approach because of the short runway and still set a world indoor record of 56' 9½". Musang teammate Robert Weir, a hammer and discus thrower whom Connor had recruited from the staff of a large English bank, became the second person in history to throw the 35-pound weight at least 73' 7", the winning distance. Be-

continued

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fore coming to the U.S. in January. Weir had never even seen a 35-pound weight. "I'm undecided about this event," he said. "But then you Americans have oddities. I still can't figure why dimes are smaller than nickels."

Unfortunately for Weir and Connor, they still remain virtually unknown in America. Weir competed in a field house in Ypsilanti, and Connor's triple-jump, plus an impressive 6'9" 8 1/2" shotput by SMU teammate Michael Carter—only Terry Albritton threw farther indoors as a collegian—occurred in lightly attended afternoon trials on Friday.

As usual, the race for the team title was no race at all. While UTEP Coach Ted Banks tossed out "You-can't-win-until-all-the-points-are-counted" lines, his own pre-meet dope sheet showed that, at the very least, his Miners would score in the low 50s, which would seemingly guarantee victory. Having qualified 16 athletes from nine countries, the Miners were realistic enough to bring along T-shirts that read TEXAS-EL PASO 1981 NATIONAL INDOOR CHAMPIONS. The final tally gave them 76 points and their third team title in eight years.

The squad that placed second—and which may soon challenge UTEP—was Southern Methodist, which is coached by Ted McLaughlin, a former assistant to Banks. McLaughlin, who is perhaps the best field-even coach in the nation, is still cautious about stirring up an in-trastate rivalry. Of SMU's 51 points, 19 were earned by athletes McLaughlin had originally recruited for UTEP, but he was quick to counter any suggestion of treachery. "I didn't take those people from UTEP. They came to me. On their own."

If Texas-El Paso and its spin-offs were an all-too-familiar show in Detroit, Padilla was, by contrast, intriguingly new. When the crowd heard his name and age (24), most people assumed he was another foreigner. A Mexican, maybe. After all, about a third of the individual points in the meet were scored by foreign athletes, many of whom are older than their U.S. counterparts. But Padilla is a Northern Californian whose mother is from Utah and whose father, a supervisor at the Alameda Naval Air Station, is from New Mexico.

The reason Padilla is two years behind in school is that from February 1976 to February 1978 he was in El Salvador, paying most of his own expenses and



Surprising SMU finished second to UTEP as (from left) Weir, Carter and Connor won individual titles

working 10 hours a day as a proselytizing Mormon missionary. "There was unrest, though not as bad as now," Padilla says. "Most people were congenial, but sometimes they slammed doors in our faces or threw rocks. A lot of times they cursed. They thought we worked for the CIA, too. They'd see us and yell, '¡La cia! ¡La cia!' That was funny, because *cia* in Spanish is pronounced the same as *silla*, the Spanish word for chair. We'd shout back, '¡La mesa! ¡La mesa!—the table!'"

While serving as a missionary, Padilla managed only an occasional morning run, which was more fun than serious effort. Padilla had placed 13th in the two-mile at the 1974 California state high school meet and won the 1975 Northern California junior college mile title (4:10.7) but he joined the BYU team as a walk-on in 1975 after a year at Chabot College in Hayward, Calif. "Chabot and Cal. State-Hayward recruited me. That was about it," he said. After returning from his mission, Padilla improved enough to finish sixth in the NCAA 5,000 last spring and 15th in the NCAA cross-country championships last fall. This winter, just before he ran a 3:56.6 mile in San Francisco, he defeated Nyambui for the first time, in the Sunkist two-mile at Los Angeles. "You should have seen Nyambui's face when he finished," says Padilla. "He looked like the boy caught with a hand in the cookie jar—'Oh, oh, I wasn't supposed to do that.'" Nyambui had much the same look three weeks ago when Padilla beat him again, this time for the WAC 3,000-meter championship

In the 50 minutes between the end of the two-mile and the start of the mile, Padilla got a rubdown and a brief rest. Nyambui had been reminded by Banks that he didn't have to run the mile, because UTEP had clinched the team title. Recovered or not, required to or not, both runners lined up on the badly worn board track to race again.

This time Padilla dropped immediately into last, where he stayed for more than half the race. Nyambui kept himself in midpack through a 201.5 half, but by the time Luis Osolozaga of Manhattan College carried the race into the final quarter, the UTEP junior was in second place, shoulder-sitting again. At the gun Padilla was up there, too, in third place, a few yards behind. However, as both Padilla and Nyambui flew past Osolozaga on the backstretch, it was clear that the outcome would be different. Padilla would remain the pursuer, and Nyambui would hold on to first. The times: 4:01.85 for Nyambui, 4:01.96 for Padilla.

"I had more left in me than I thought," said Padilla. "I tried, but it was so bunched up in front of me I couldn't get by. You know, I'm really not sure I comprehend yet everything that's happened today." Padilla's confusion was understandable. Not only had he broken Nyambui's streak, but also in doing so he had become the first American to win an NCAA indoor distance crown since 1972. Between that and SMU's emergence, perhaps even UTEP's Banks found this year's championships a bit disconcerting.

END

The hungry house painter

When he's not ruling the World Pro circuit, Austria's Andre Arnold takes up his brush, pail and ladder to relax

Early one recent morning, high on the slope at the sparkling Sun Valley, Idaho ski area, so early the sun hadn't yet crept up the mountain from Ketchum, Andre Arnold, 25, the tall, dark and handsome Austrian who has been a professional ski racer for four years and world champion for all four, stood alone. He stared down a series of sweeping turns

marked by flags, 70-mph S curves on the downhill course he would be racing the next day. He raised his hand as if to give the air a karate chop, and flicked a few sharp movements, a soft whoosh coming from his lips with each flick.

Arnold was rehearsing his lines through the course. He was the first racer on the mountain, and that particular fast and twisty section had been giving him trouble. Such preparation is one of the keys to Arnold's phenomenal success, unprecedented on the 12-year-old World Pro Skiing circuit. He is the only racer to have won the championship more than twice. He has won more money and more races than any skier in the circuit's history. In successfully defending his title for the fourth consecutive time, he won eight of 20 slalom, giant slalom and downhill races, on courses from Sapporo, Japan to his Tyrolean hometown of Sölden, Austria.

Though the pro circuit has steadily grown—from six races worth \$92,500 in 1969-70 to 22 races worth \$700,000 this year—it has suffered more than its share of sneers, most concerning the quality of the circuit's skiers. Racing purists still see the pros as losers and castoffs from World Cup competition or, worse, "B" and "C" team amateur racers who couldn't even make the World Cup. An Andre Arnold, goes the argument, isn't even in the same ball park as an Ingemar Stenmark.

No, he isn't. But that's because pro racing and amateur racing are different games altogether. Foremost among the differences is the fact that the pros actually race each other, while amateurs ski alone, against the clock. In professional slalom and GS races there are two courses, side by side, often so close a racer can hear his opponent breathing and is sprayed by snow chopped by the other's skis as they cut around the gates. Sometimes they even collide.

Arnold, like many of the pros, never made it big as an amateur, though he raced on the Austrian ski team and in two World Cups. For one thing, as a teenager he had a knee that couldn't keep up

with the rate of growth of the rest of his body. "The knee was so bad it jumped out by itself," Arnold says. An operation at 17 cured the knee, but there was a year-long recovery period, and the time lost left him far behind his skiing peers.

Another reason for his turning pro: independence. There is often a connection between the pros' limited success as amateurs and their disinclination to take orders from coaches. Many, because they have minds of their own, are considered malcontents on their amateur teams; as pros, they are their own coaches. Of course, mavericks are a dime a dozen; the trick is to find the maverick with self-discipline. Arnold has it. Virtually every move he makes, nine months a year, is part of a plan to win ski races.

Arnold is the son of a house painter in Sölden, a ski resort of 2,000, 20 miles from the Italian border. Franz Arnold taught his son the trade and instilled a thriftiness in him that is apparent today. Though the younger Arnold makes a fortune on the pro tour, he spends little and still likes to paint houses in the summer back in Sölden. Arnold senior also taught skiing, and Andre was put on skis when he was only four. He hated it. "Mostly, I just liked to run in the woods and jump in the snow," Arnold says.

At 14, Arnold suddenly discovered he also liked skiing. He left school in the ninth grade and soon made the Austrian national team. In the fall of 1977, at 21, he made the decision to turn pro. "I was surprised that I skied so well that fall," he says. "Everything was well. I just skied like a bird flies."

That December he joined the WPS tour and came to America. He finished second in his first race at Aspen, Colo., learned a few English words at the press interview afterward and was on his way to stardom.

And wealth. This season Arnold's income from skiing will approach \$750,000, which includes some \$90,000 in prize money and the rest in payment from his many sponsors. He now owns a 20-bed pension in Sölden, and is part



Arnold loves his \$750,000, hates to spend it

owner of a recreation racing program in Austria similar to NASTAR. He is also a partner in a year-round ski-slope project situated on a glacier near Sölden.

Arnold believes his ability to concentrate is what separates him from his competitors. It also separates pro and amateur racing. A World Cup skier must make only two runs per race, to win a WPS event a racer must make 10, against five different opponents, each breathing over his shoulder. "Hungry" is a favorite word of Arnold's. "Every time when I did not do well, it was my concentration," he says. "The problem is to stay hungry every week."

But it's hard to stay hungry when you've just wrapped up your fourth consecutive world title. Last week at the Volvo Cup Downhill in Sun Valley, Arnold slept late each day, rising at about 8:00 a.m., and began to prepare himself for the downhill. He rubbed down both legs with liniment and wrapped himself in elastic braces: one for each knee, and one for his back. He slipped on his long underwear, which he wouldn't have worn had he not already clinched the championship. Had this race been crucial, Arnold would have gone naked under the skintight suit to provide better aerodynamics and shave hundredths of seconds off his time.

Arnold had been the second-fastest qualifier the day before, behind Hans Hinterseer, a fellow Austrian who was the World Cup GS champion in 1973. It was a fast and difficult course, dropping 2,300 vertical feet over 1½ miles. Five of the 33 racers who attempted to qualify crashed. Arnold, not being a downhill specialist (the fastest downhillers are usually the ones with the wild eyes, not the ones with control), had trained hard all week. But despite his good qualifying time, he still hadn't found the best line through the S curves.

He finished the first of his two downhill runs 11th. His second run was better, fifth-fastest, but it only raised him to eighth overall. He stood at the bottom of the hill by a hay bale, watching as the other racers finished. The next day Arnold would get eliminated in the first round of the slalom. He shrugged at his lost weekend. "Every year, the first race after clinching the championship I always have trouble with the concentration," he said. "For sure, I'm angry about this. For sure, I will do better next time." And, for sure, he will.

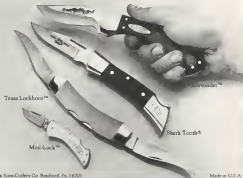
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Late last Saturday night at Princeton University, the 10 individual winners of NCAA wrestling titles were patiently posing for the traditional photographs when one of the victors—heavyweight champ Lou Banach of Iowa—suddenly became bored with all the formality. So he slipped behind the unsuspecting 177-pound winner, his twin brother Ed, and threw him to the mat. What ensued was a rowdy rollabout punctuated by great laughter. Said the twins' adoptive father, Alan Tooley, "Energy has always poured out from those two."

The horseplay was a celebration by two 21-year-old college sophomores whose lives had started in a very unpromising manner. The twins are two of 14 Banach (rhymes with panic) children. When they were two years old, the family house in Newton, N.J., burned down. "The only thing I can remember," says Ed, "is a lot of smoke and me sitting underneath a tree watching our house burn, cuddled up in a blanket next to Louie."

Their father surveyed the charred wreckage and disappeared; their mother had a nervous breakdown. The 14 children were sent to foster homes. Tooley and his wife, Stephanie, first took older brother Steve (also an Iowa wrestler) when he was five. Then there was trouble keeping Ed and Lou placed, and the Tooleys agreed to take the boys—age four—for just a few weeks. Happily, it was love from the start, and the twins stayed, growing up mostly in Port Jervis, N.Y. Still, the unsettled early years left scars. Says Ed, "We learned right away to trust each other and fend for ourselves."

And fend for Iowa. The Banach boys were the cornerstones of the school's sixth NCAA team championship in seven years—and its fourth straight. This year the Hawkeyes clearly established themselves as a

dynasty. They won the Big Ten title for a record eighth straight time, with a record seven individual conference champs, and they have nine All-Americans. Gary Kordelmeier, Iowa's former coach and now assistant athletic director, says, "This is the finest college wrestling team in history. You pick an all-star team, I'll take the Iowa team and it would be about a toss-up."

So dominant was Iowa at Princeton that it had the team title pinned down before the Saturday night finals. The Hawkeyes finished with a record 129.75 points, along with two firsts, three seconds, one fifth and three sevenths. All of which was enormously irksome to the college wrestling fraternity. Stan Abel, coach of runner-up Oklahoma, grouched that Iowa "sure gets a lot of good calls just because they're Iowa." When Okla-

homa State Coach Tommy Chesboro was asked what the Iowa landslide meant, he responded: "Nothin'."

Don't believe it.

An Iowa wrestler's idea of a great time is to sweat more today than yesterday. When Iowa Coach Dan Gable—winner of 100 consecutive college matches when he wrestled at Iowa State (his high school and college mark was 181-1-0) and an Olympic gold medalist in Munich—says there will be an optional practice or no practice, the whole team shows up to practice. Kordelmeier got wrestling rolling at Iowa City, but the most important event in Hawkeye wrestling history was Gable's arrival as Kordelmeier's assistant in 1973. Gable took over the head job in 1977 and Iowa took off. Not since Oklahoma State ripped off 14 NCAA titles (1928 through 1946), then added five more (1954 through 1959), has one school taken command like Iowa. Abel and others insist that next year will be different—and Oklahoma and Iowa State do look extremely tough for 1981-82—but that kind of talk is heard every year, and sounds a bit like whistling past the cemetery.

At Princeton, Gable was disappointed that his wrestlers won only two individual titles, especially after five of them gained places in the finals. But this only underscored how rugged the Hawkeyes are from top to bottom.

For Ed Banach, it was his second NCAA championship in two tries. His goal: he wants to be the first wrestler ever to win four NCAA titles: 30 have won three. Ed first mentioned this dream when he was a high school junior in Port Jervis. His father didn't blink. "Have at it," said Tooley. Before Ed's championship match with Clarion's Charlie Heller, Gable warned, "If you don't win tonight, your dream is shattered." Thus

continued

Lookalikes do alike

The mighty Banach twins captured individual titles as Iowa took yet another NCAA championship, its sixth in seven years



Lou (left) wrapped up the heavyweight title, and Ed the 177-pound crown

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Mills (top) cranks up his "pinning machine" in the 118 finals against John Hartup of Central Michigan.

psyched, Ed raced onto the mat and took control with a takedown, a reversal and—bang!—there was Heller studying the ceiling lighting arrangement. The fall was recorded at 4:15.

Brother Lou is a wrestler of a different stripe. When Iowa was recruiting the class of '83, Gable says all his spies told him, "Ed is the one you want." But Dan found that while Ed had desire, Lou had more natural ability. Last season, however, Lou quit the team, claiming that he wasn't adjusting to big-time wrestling and needed "time to grow." Gable was not charmed. Still, when Lou asked to return this season, Gable said yes, explaining, "I give up on very few kids."

It was a fortunate decision. Lou, who weighs 220 pounds, has splendid maneuverability in a weight class known for pushing, shoving, leaning and boredom. Gable told Lou before his final match, "You're not going to have any problem." Correct. The first to sense this was Lou's opponent, the 265-pound No. 1 seed, Bruce Baumgartner of Indiana State. After messing about for the first period, Banach dominated in the second, scoring six points on a smooth reversal, some stalling penalties against Baumgartner and a near fall. Then, only 45 seconds into the final period, Banach wrapped his opponent in an unyielding cradle and Baumgartner was history.

An elated Lou said, "I picked him up on a single leg, and when he went down, he hit the mat hard. Then I noticed something."

What?

"That he didn't want to get up. He was gassin'. But I really proved something."

What?

"That I can wrestle with the big guys."

Although things have gone well for the Banachs at Iowa, they have been awful for Mike DeAnna, who five years ago was the country's best high school wrestler. Recruiters particularly liked the 83-0 record he racked up in his sophomore, junior and senior years in Bay Village, a Cleveland suburb. There was talk—probably too much talk—that DeAnna would be the first to win four NCAA titles.

But DeAnna met trouble. He hurt his knee as a freshman in the Big Ten championships and ended up third in the nationals. As a sophomore in 1978-79, he frequently looked out of shape, arousing the ire of red-hot Iowa wrestling devotees, and finished sixth in the NCAA's. Then, as a junior, his lack of stamina was attributed to hypoglycemia, a sugar deficiency in the blood. A diet change perked DeAnna up, but he finished only second in the NCAA's.

Then came the nightmare of 1979-80. First, DeAnna had knee surgery in October. Next, a rare malignant growth was discovered on his left forearm. His mother, Jeannette, recalls, "The doctors said if it got into the blood, he'd have a year to live." On Dec. 5, 1979 DeAnna underwent 3½ hours of surgery in Iowa City. It was successful.

DeAnna was philosophic about his cancer. He says, "I thought, 'Well, I've

had a good time. If I die, I die.'"

As for his wrestling, he admits, "I'd like to be going for my fourth NCAA championship. I was thinking about that last night. I could be, I should be—but I'm not. I still haven't won my first one." Now he never will. DeAnna turned in a strangely flat performance ("His body didn't move," says Gable) and was dusted by Oklahoma's Mark Schultz, 10-4.

The Hawkeyes were also disappointed by the defeat of their 134-pounder, Randy Lewis, who twice had won NCAA titles. But Lewis had severely damaged his elbow before the tournament. Still, Lewis—and Gable—gave everyone a lesson in what competition really means in his quarterfinal match with Iowa State's Jim Gibbons, the man who had injured Lewis earlier in the season. During the match, Gibbons was assessed a penalty point for slamming Lewis to the mat improperly; Lewis could have declined to continue, and he would have won by forfeit. But when someone suggested that to Gable, the coach sniffed, "We don't win that way." Lewis went on—and lost to Gibbons, 13-6.

But other schools had more disappointments than Iowa. Oklahoma, which came in with serious hopes of challenging Iowa, was blitzed early. The Sooners won two titles, Andre Metzger (142) and Mark Schultz (167), but a heavy favorite, Mark's brother, Dave, lost in the 158-pound finals. Dave is intent on international competition and doesn't exactly mouth the stuff of which OU recruiting brochures are made. Even before Dave lost, he was saying, "You've got to be crazy to wrestle. Everybody knows there's no money in it, and the way Title IX is going, there probably won't be any wrestling either. Plus, I don't like school. I'm just going along, making a little progress toward a degree. I guess I'm just a flake." Says one teammate, "He's a flake."

The winner of the outstanding wrestler award was Syracuse's Gene Mills, who admits that a guy who wrestles has "something loose upstairs." Mills, who won at 118 for the second time, was easily the most exciting performer in Princeton. His many admirers call him "Mean Gene the Pinning Machine," and he lived up to his reputation by pinning four of his five NCAA opponents.

Energy has always poured out of Gene Mills, too.

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In the San Luis Obispo, John Henry led the field of six from wire to wire and won by 1½ lengths

What a one-horse stable!

A \$26,000 buy, John Henry is Dotsam's only horse—and the richest now racing

Many people who visit a racetrack a few times get the itch to buy a horse and get into the game. For most, the costs are prohibitive, starting, of course, with the price of the horse itself. Then it takes, on the average, \$40 per day per horse to keep it going at a top track, and that does not include veterinary work, shoeing, shipping, licensing or jockey fees. And after all that, the odds against a horse ever winning a major stakes race are more than in 60,000-1.

Had you bought a yearling named Canadian Bound in 1976, you would have made a terrible mistake; this \$1.5 million son of Secretariat had such a terrible case of the slows that it never ran a race. Had you been very, very lucky that year, however, you might have purchased little John Henry for \$1,100. If so, you would now own the leading active money-earner (\$1,525,730) in the sport.

John Henry represents the entire racing stock of a New York City couple, Dorothy and Sam Rubin, owners of the Dotsam Stable. On Presidents' Day last month the 6-year-old bay gelding, returning after a three-month layoff, ran a marvelous race on Santa Anita's lush turf course to win the 1½-mile, \$107,800 San Luis Obispo Handicap just as he pleased. Two weeks ago John Henry came off the grass and won the \$418,150 Santa Anita Handicap, defeating Flying Paster and Glorious Song. When John Henry appeared in the winner's circle, the crowd of 66,560 gave him a huge ovation. Californians have grown to love that horse.

As indeed they should. Since November 1979 John Henry has run in nine major stakes at either Santa Anita or Hollywood Park and won them all. And with

style. A year ago in the \$200,000 San Juan Capistrano, America's most important turf race, John Henry led every step of the 1¼ miles while shouldering top weight of 126 pounds. Last fall he fell far off the pace in the Oak Tree Invitational, then drove through the stretch to win in the final yards. He came from seventh to win the Santa Anita 'Cap.

Unlike Spectacular Bid, who placidly munched jelly doughnuts, John Henry can be "meaner than a junkyard dog." He has tossed exercise riders in the morning, thrown jockeys in the afternoon and bitten numerous people at various times of the day. John Henry's two trainers—V.J. (Lefty) Nickerson in the East, and Ron McAnally in the West—have learned to saddle the horse with its rear end toward the crowd because John wants nothing to do with most people. That applies to the Rubins. "A year ago," Sam Rubin says, "I went to his stall at Hialeah, and when I looked inside I couldn't see him. I thought someone had stolen him. I stuck my head in and bellered, 'John, you in there?' He was hiding off to the left, and when my head went into that stall he nearly tore it off."

In 1980 John Henry won \$925,217, the bulk of it for running through "the weeds," and was named the nation's top grass horse. He ran on dirt only once last year, finishing second to Temperance Hill in the \$500,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont.

Naturally, John Henry is expected to spend most of this season on the turf; his next two races—the \$150,000 San Luis Rey and the \$200,000 San Juan Capistrano, both at Santa Anita—will be on grass. He was the first horse nominated for the Arlington \$1 Million in Chicago in August. Rubin is also eyeing major turf races in Japan and Australia for his tough little warrior. "I'd love to win the race at Arlington," he says, "and then go to another country to race him, but to be honest, I don't know that much about racing. I'm a horseplayer who got

continued



Shhh...

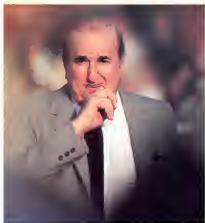
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The track's binoculars man helped Rubin put things in focus.

HORSE RACING continued

lucky with his only horse. Because of John Henry, when I go to the races in New York now, people follow me around. They say, "There goes Sam Rubin. He owns John Henry. He must know something." Sometimes those horseplayers follow me for nine races and never cash a ticket. What Sam Rubin knows best is bicycles." Sam is the president of the Sam Rubin Bicycle Corp., importer of the South Korean Kia bike.

Rubin, 67, can go on and on about how little he knows about horses. "Do you know how John Henry was sent to California to do so well?" he asks. "John had been racing in New York, and the grass season was coming to an end because of the weather. Lefty Nickerson told me that there were big grass races out there and said he had a close friend, Ron McAnally, who was an excellent trainer. I needed advice on what to do and wasn't too sure where to get it. Instead of going to Alfred Vanderbilt or Dinny Phipps, I went to Cohen Johnson, who has the binocular concession at the New York tracks. I asked Johnson what to do and he said, 'Mr. Rubin, you send John Henry to California, and McAnally and the horse will do good.' It was excellent advice."

How John Henry got to the Rubins is

a fascinating tale. In the two months between November 1975 and January 1976, three horses from the same family were sold in Lexington. John Henry, a yearling, brought \$1,100. His sire, 13-year-old Ole Bob Bowers, was sold for \$900, and his mother, Once Double, for \$5,000. A smart investor could have gotten all three for less than the \$7,000 they actually cost. The family was considered a bunch of duds.

While John Henry and Once Double remained in Kentucky, Ole Bob Bowers was vanned to Beechwind Farms in Osseo, Mich. by his new owners, Charlie and Theora Crommer. "We had gone to Lexington to buy a stallion," says Theora, "and we were ready to bid as much as \$5,000. We liked Ole Bob Bowers and made the only bid on him at \$900. I think everyone laughed at us when we left the sales pavilion."

Ole Bob, now 18, had the reputation of being a decent grass horse with a vicious temper. His main claim to fame was a race on dirt at Bay Meadows, the 1968 Tandon Handicap. A layer of discarded mushroom compost had been put on the track to make it fast, and Ole Bob Bowers ran over those mushrooms as if his heels were afire, tying the world record of 1:46½ for 1½ miles. That win is remembered as The Mushroom Miracle. In 1977 the stallion serviced 22 mares at Beechwind for a stud fee of \$500 apiece. Thanks to John Henry's prowess, Ole Bob was bred to 79 mares last year at \$1,200 per service. Still, even at \$900 Ole Bob was nowhere near the bargain buy John Henry was.

A year after John Henry was sold for \$1,100, he was resold for \$2,200. The buyer, Harold Snowden Jr. of Fairfield Farm at Lexington, Ky., quickly found out how mean John Henry could be. John would bite and kick and sometimes stick his feet into the feed tub and knock it off the stall wall. Snowden arranged for John Henry to be sold to a Mrs. Akiko McVarish for \$7,500, but Mrs. McVarish's vet took one look at the horse and decided he could never stand training, so Snowden took John Henry

back and got him ready for the races.

Enter now two ladies from Louisiana—Mrs. Colleen Madera of New Orleans and her racing-stable partner, Mrs. Dortha Lingo of Baton Rouge. Snowden sold John Henry to them for \$10,000. Now gelded, John Henry began his racing career at Jefferson Downs in Kenner, La. and won at first asking in a four-furlong race, picking up a check for \$1,200. After losing his next three starts, he caught a sloppy track at Evangeline Downs and won again. Then, in his last race of 1977, in the slop at Evangeline, he won the \$86,450 Lafayette Futurity.

This made the Louisiana ladies very happy. John Henry, however, was not happy. Not happy at all. In the spring of 1978 he lost his first six starts. The horse was now so mean that a volleyball was put into his stall in hopes that he would kick it, not the barn walls. Placed in claiming races for \$20,000 to \$25,000, he had no takers. This made the Louisiana ladies very unhappy, so they asked Snowden to sell John Henry once again.

Enter Sam Rubin, who paid \$25,000 for the gelding. "Back in the middle '60s I owned some horses," Rubin says, "but they were bums. Doc and I decided maybe we ought to get back into racing and buy a horse. I thought I might have a decent kind of claiming horse or maybe an allowance horse. But you never know. I was hoping allowance."

On a May afternoon at Aqueduct in 1978, John Henry ran for the first time for Dotsam Stable and won, lighting the tote board up at \$26.60 for each \$2 bet. And Sam Rubin rarely bets only \$2. While that Aqueduct race had been on dirt, Rubin noticed that the same day's feature race was the Fort Marcy Handicap on turf. That got him thinking. Ten days later John Henry ran on grass for the first time and won a claiming race by 14 lengths at Belmont Park. Luckily for the Rubins, nobody put in a claim slip for the \$35,000 price.

Since that first turf race, John Henry has run on the grass 29 times and turned most of those races into lawn parties, winning 16, including a dozen stakes. The San Luis Obispo victory drove John Henry's grass winnings to \$1,056,682, surpassing Fort Marcy's U.S. turf record by \$9. The little horse who went through eight owners and was rejected by countless others in claiming races may not cure much for people, but racetrack fans have come to love him a lot.

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Ramsay points Portland in a different direction

Blazing a new trail

The Walton days are long gone, but the Ramsay and Ransey show has turned Portland's slow start into a fast finish

Blessedly, Jack Ramsay got the word that these are hard times for window-checked pants. Those loud red-and-green numbers that he always used to wear went out of style in 1977, about the same time Ramsay's Portland Trail Blazers were winning the NBA championship with a deliberate-motion offense revolving around Bill Walton and his veteran teammates. But times change. Today, Ramsay is urban-cowboy chic in pointy-toed leather boots and jeans, and there's also a new look to the Blazers, who are now very young, inexperienced and fast-breaking—and don't have a Bill Walton. When Portland's break is working, the results can be devastating—witness its 142-137 win over Denver last week. When it's not, the results can be disastrous—witness Friday night's 126-104 pasting by Houston, in which the Blazers turned the ball over 17 times. But such wipeouts have been fewer and further between in recent months, and Portland—39-36 through last Sunday—is practically assured of a spot in the playoffs, which start in two weeks.

The Blazers, whose starters average 24.8 years in age and 3.0 years in NBA experience, are now fourth in the Western Conference, at least two games ahead of each of the other three candidates for the last three playoff spots—Kansas City, Golden State and Houston. If they maintain their lead, they will have the home-court advantage in a first-round mini-series. That's a real advantage for Portland, which has had 179 consecutive sellout crowds in Memorial Coliseum and has a 27-10 record there this season.

Back on Dec. 2, though, Portland's record was a sickly 7-19, and the Blazers were less worried about staying alive in the playoffs than they were about staying alive period. The problem then wasn't so much bad basketball as lousy etiquette—the players hadn't been properly introduced to each other. Mychal Thompson was returning to action after missing all of last season with a broken left leg, and he was being shuffled back

and forth between center and power forward. Eventually, Ramsay left Thompson in the pivot and turned the power position over to Kermit Washington, who was in his second year with the team. The other forward, Calvin Natt, was beginning his first full year with Portland, after being acquired in a trade with New Jersey late last season. Guard Jim Paxson, another second-year man, had played only sparingly as a rookie.

Perhaps fittingly, the man Ramsay counted on to make all the parts fit together was a mere rookie, Guard Kelvin Ransey, from Ohio State. After acquiring Ransey in a draft-day trade with Chicago—for fellow Big Ten Guard Ronnie Lester—and seeing him play with the Portland veterans in a Los Angeles summer league, Ramsay was sure he had the triggerman for his new fast-break offense. However, training camp came and went without any sign of Ransey, who sat at home and waited for the Blazers and his agent to settle a dispute over the number of years in his contract.

"I didn't work out at all and gained about 15 pounds," Ransey says. "Coach Ramsay had told me I'd be an integral part of the offense, and there I was overweight and sitting out. I got pretty nervous about the whole thing."

Ransey eventually signed a four-year contract for \$260,000 per season and joined the team the day following its opening game, which Portland lost 98-86 at Utah. Portland also lost its next 12 road games. Struggling to play his way into shape, Ransey didn't crack the starting lineup consistently until a late November trip to the East Coast. Once he did, the Blazers began to move, winning 12 of 13 games to reach .500 by the turn of the year.

Now that they can distinguish friend from foe, the Trail Blazers are a team in every sense of the word. Seven players are scoring in double figures—as many as on any other NBA squad—with Paxson the high man at 17.1. Paxson also leads the Blazers in steals. The 6'10"

continued

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Thompson is the club's No. 2 scorer, and he is tops in both rebounds (8.3) and blocked shots (2.1, seventh best in the league). Better yet, he provides some of the dominance at center that Portland lost when Walton departed in 1978. Washington missed 13 games in mid-season because of the flu and injuries, but he is still the Blazers' best offensive rebounder and their deadliest shooter at 56.4%. As for Natt, who averaged almost 20 points as a rookie, he is scoring less (13.8), but at 6' 6" and 220 pounds he is one of the more powerful of the league's so-called small forwards.

For all of that, the key to the Blazers' upswing is Ramsey. "You have to accommodate the ability of your players," Ramsey says. "For us, that meant running more and making plays off the break. We tried it last year but didn't have a ball handler at guard. Now we have Kelvin."

A top candidate for Rookie of the Year, Ramsey ranks seventh in the league in assists (6.8 per game). He also looks to the basket himself and has averaged 18.3 points over the last 48 games.

"People wondered how this team would survive with a rookie as the leader, but I like having that role thrust upon me," Ramsey says. "I get fired up a little more, try to do a little extra. Having the team look to me in the tough situations and making the play, that just helps my confidence."

That confidence will be sorely needed if Portland expects to approach the level of the '77 championship squad. Seven of the 12 men from that team are no longer playing basketball, most notably Walton, whose present NBA employer, San Diego, recently collected a claim for \$1.25 million from Lloyd's of London on the grounds that Walton's chronically damaged left foot has rendered him permanently unfit for play. Walton still has a \$5.6 million suit pending against the Blazers for injuries incurred during the 1977-78 season and playoffs.

Except for Bob Gross, now the third forward for the Trail Blazers, the active players from the championship team now play elsewhere in the league. Substitute Wally Walker was released after the championship season and now plays for Seattle, while Johnny Davis was traded to Indiana for the first pick in the 1978 draft, which Portland used to take Thompson. Maurice Lucas and Guard Lionel Hollins were traded to New Jersey and Philadelphia, respectively, last

year after ongoing contract wrangles.

Survival, not championships, became the Portland goal. "We had to change," says Ramsey. "To make our old, deliberate system work, you need rebounders and every player has to be a good passer, especially the centers. Our guys do a good job, but they aren't Walton. We have different players with different skills now, and you have to play the cards you're dealt."

Late last season that meant giving the ball to Billy Ray Bates, then clearing out and letting him do all the dealing. A re-

is running the show, but as Billy Ray says, "I'm still known to go one-on-one against six guys. I guess I'm not the hero I was last year, but times change, people change. Last year I just got the ball and went to the basket. Now I'm learning to play under control. But when we get down 12 or 13 points, Coach knows he can call on me to fire it up."

That he does. Billy Ray averages just 19½ minutes a game but has become that valuable NBA commodity, a sixth man who can give his team instant offense. And when it comes to the three-point



Playmaker Ramsey blitzed Denver for 35 points, proving he can shoot it up as well as he passes it off.

ugee from the Maine Lumberjacks of the Continental Basketball Association, the 6' 4" Bates played in four different leagues last season before becoming a deity in Portland. His offensive explosions got Portland into the playoffs, and his 25-point average in the miniseries nearly led the Blazers to an upset of defending-champion Seattle. With each game, with each quote, the Legend of Billy Ray Bates, the kid from the backwoods of Mississippi who made it big, grew and grew until people, all around the world it seemed, were asking, "Is this guy for real?"

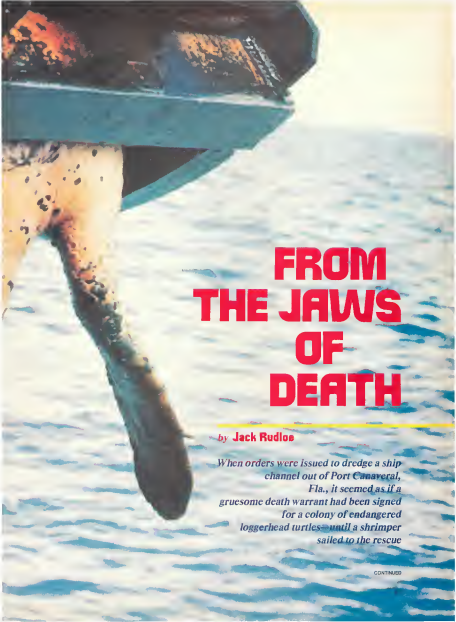
This year it is Ramsey, not Bates, who

bomb or crowd-pleasing dunking theatrics, no one on Portland does it better than Billy Ray.

The harnessing and unharnessing of Bates is a kind of microcosm of the entire Portland team. When under control, the Trail Blazers' fast-break style works well, but too many times Thompson or Washington finds himself in the middle of the break. When that happens, the ball is tossed about haphazardly and bounces off Portland hands like a pinball off bumpers. That's when Jack Ramsey takes one of his pointy-toe boots, thinks of the Walton days and, well, kicks himself.

END





FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

by **Jack Rudloe**

When orders were issued to dredge a ship channel out of Port Canaveral, Fla., it seemed as if a gruesome death warrant had been signed for a colony of endangered loggerhead turtles—until a shrimper sailed to the rescue

CONTINUED

With tortured, metallic groans, the immense drag arms of the 400-foot dredge *Long Island* were lowered to the silty bottom of the Port Canaveral (Fla.) Shipping Channel last July. Pumps roared as the colossal vacuum cleaner began sucking up the muck and speeding it through a 24-inch pipe into a hopper amidships.

Tim Clabaugh, a student of marine biology, parolled the railings around the mouth of the hopper, wearing ear protectors and intently watching for traces of sea turtle remains in the reeking black slurry that foamed and boiled into the ship, eventually overflowing and cascading back into the sea. Clabaugh had been

hired by the National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS) to determine the impact of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers' dredging operation on the sea turtles sleeping down in the mud, below.

"Our final estimates of how many turtles are killed are going to be very conservative," he shouted above the screaming pumps. "We know we're missing turtles. If you see a carcass, that's one. Two days go by and you find a flipper and some intestines, that's two. So far, I



figure around 50 have been ground up."

Filled with a cargo of muck, the *Long Island* lumbered off to the dump site five miles away, out in the Atlantic. Upon reaching its destination, the *Long Island* stopped and, like a malignant black duck relieving itself, opened its huge hopper and spewed sludge into the sea, turning the water black and turbid. There was no telling how many shredded turtles went with the muck as it fell toward the growing submarine mountain of silt. Voaded, the enormous dredge rushed back for another load. Day after day, 24 hours a day, it worked to clean out the ship channel.

Two years ago, when the Corps an-



Its shattered shell somewhere in the bowels of the Sugar Island, a dead loggerhead lies on the deck

nounced plans to widen and deepen the channel, the NMFS, which is charged with protecting endangered species, notified the Army Engineers that the bottom was practically paved with loggerheads, a "threatened" species. No one knew why the giant turtles hung out in the channel, but the Canaveral Port Authority, the Corps of Engineers and the Navy all wished they would go away, especially when the NMFS said the Corps couldn't just bring in a super scoop and start work.

The Corps has become increasingly sensitive to environmental issues, particularly those involving endangered sea turtles. "If this were just a navigation channel and we knew all those turtles were there, we probably would have delayed action," says Jon Moulding of the Corps' Jacksonville Environmental Branch. "But this was for national defense." Thus, in April of last year the Jacksonville office of NMFS agreed to the dredging operation—when procedures protecting the loggerheads were devised.

A giant basin was under construction at Port Canaveral to load and off-load missiles on Trident-class nuclear submarines. The Navy demanded that the channel be cleared to let the subs enter the new basin no later than Oct. 1, 1980. That meant the dogleg channel, which stretches 5.2 miles into the Atlantic, would have to be scooped out to a uniform clearance of 42 feet from the gently sloping bottom. It would be a massive undertaking, be-

cause for much of its length the 20-year-old channel averaged between 30 and 35 feet in depth. The Corps found itself caught between the military's rock and the Endangered Species Act's hard place. In June, meetings were held in Washington between the Corps and NMFS' national office, and thereafter the letters flew back and forth. The endless bureaucratic postponements seemed to be working in favor of the turtles.

But finally, the needs of national defense prevailed, and the Corps was given the go-ahead to begin dredging on July 12, 1980, with the understanding that if the dredge was killing turtles, the Corps would have to hire a trawler to literally drag the turtles from the jaws of death. The NMFS sent four observers, Clabaugh among them, to monitor the dredging.

Before long the NMFS' fears were realized as bloody pink turtle intestines appeared in the spoil overflow. One of the observers, Paul Raymond, another marine biology student, had taken photographs of turtles torn in half and others with their shells cracked and their guts sucked out. One shattered female came through the pipe spilling her halfripe eggs.

Raymond photographed furiously on the day the drag arm was raised out of the water with the front half of another big loggerhead hanging limply from the drag head's mouth. The dredge crew tried to help Raymond pull the turtle out to be measured and described, but it was so tightly wedged in the metal maw, they finally gave up. Down went the drag head, and once again the vessel shuddered as its six-foot-high continued



Every hour the 400-foot-long dredge was capable of sucking up 30,000 cubic yards of muck—and an undetermined number of turtles

TURTLES continued

pumps began to roar and the turtle was sucked through its pipelines with the raging torrent of mud and blasted into the hopper, forever lost in the fetid morass.

Soon mutilated turtle remains began washing up on the tourist beaches. Newspapers called it a scandal. **PORT KILLING TURTLES** read a headline in the Canaveral-area weekly *Today*. For years Florida media have carried stories on the over-exploitation and near extinction of sea turtles. According to experts, only about 20,000 loggerheads remain alive of the millions that once swam ashore to spawn every year on South Atlantic beaches. Many of their natal beaches have been destroyed by condominiums and resort hotels. The Fund for Animals reports that last summer 1,850 dead sea turtles washed up on beaches from Virginia to Texas, probably the victims of drowning in shrimpers' nets.

At the same time conservation organizations, land owners and Florida's Department of Natural Resources have been hard at work trying to increase the declining loggerhead population. Along the barrier beaches volunteers walk the shore each night during the nesting season to dig up turtle eggs and relocate them, so they may develop and hatch, safe from poachers and natural predators.

Against such concern, it was not long before the public outcry became intolerable for the Corps. Finally, a special agent from NMFS' Charleston, S.C. office boarded the dredge and inspected the grisly remains. Then he climbed the metal steps that led to the wheelhouse, and there in the clean, quiet, air-conditioned room he explained the possible penalties for violations of the Endangered Species Act to the captain and first mate of the *Long Island*. The captain could be thrown in jail, the \$30 million dredge could be confiscated, and/or the contractor could be fined up to \$20,000 for each turtle killed.

Whereupon the firm of Henry DuBois' Sons Company, Inc. of Chicago, which leased the *Long Island* and held the Port Canaveral dredging contract, began making calls to the Corps and to congress-

men. Once again the Corps was in the middle. It would cost the Corps between \$10,000 and \$15,000 a day in downtime if the dredging were halted. Meanwhile, the Navy was getting angry about the delays and the publicity. It certainly didn't need turtle blood on its hands.



Buffkin and crew rescued 1,249 turtles from Canaveral Channel

Within a week the Corps' Environmental Division in Jacksonville ordered the DuBois firm to hire a shrimp boat. The Corps softened the blow by informing the contractor that it could add the extra costs to its contract; the important thing now was to get started hauling the sleeping turtles away from the dredge.

Finding a shrimp trawler for hire in Port Canaveral as a savior of loggerheads was not all that easy. In 1979 NMFS first learned there were hibernating sea turtles in the Port Canaveral Shipping Channel, and it closed the channel to shrimping. That angered fishermen because the channel, with its deep, relatively warm water, was one of the few places where shrimp could be caught in cold weather. NMFS had reasoned that if the turtles were driven from the mud,

they might freeze to death, an argument that left most of the shrimpers cold. Reports that one trawler owner in Texas had been thrown in jail and fined \$5,000 for butchering a loggerhead had further infuriated the shrimpers.

Finally, Captain Glen Buffkin of Merritt Island, Fla., eight miles southwest of Port Canaveral, came to the rescue with his 75-foot shrimp trawler *Miss Narahe*. After hiring out to the Corps, he could be seen every evening heading down the busy channel with a hostload of government biologists, observers and crew members to drag for loggerheads.

"Shrimpers don't think sea turtles are becoming extinct," Buffkin said one night in November as he left the jettes behind and headed out toward the Atlantic. "No matter where they drag, they catch one or two every now and then. Snapper fishermen see them in 90 feet on the hard bottoms, and swordfishermen see the little ones way out in the Gulf Stream floating in seaweed. I don't believe the government should close down shrimping in favor of the turtles, but when I heard the Army Corps wanted someone to drag these cooters out of the channel, I thought I'd check it out."

He turned the wheel as the channel took an oblique turn and put the trawler on automatic pilot. "I'd been fishing up around the Carolinas," Buffkin continued, "and was getting pretty tired of staying away from my family for nine months out of the year. It was a chance to stay home, so I gave 'em a price and they took it."

His price: \$2,000 a day. The dredging contractor tacked on \$500 a day for "handling," and the Corps said yes—anything—just get started. Now Buffkin was the envy of the shrimp fleet.

Some scientists believe the lack of current and the sloping contour of the Canaveral Channel draw the turtles in as they migrate along the coast. It's a man-made ditch that runs East-West, and was first cut through the long barrier island to the Banana River in the 1950s. Unlike other channels on the South Atlantic seaboard, which are kept open by rivers flowing out to sea, no *continued*

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TURTLES continued



Adkins and Brown swing another turtle on board, where Brown slips the beast on its back.



current comes from the Banana River into the Canaveral Channel except what the Corps permits to escape through its gates when it locks barge traffic and light shipping in and out of the Banana River Barge Channel. Because there are no currents to keep the channel swept out, it acts as a sediment trap for silt carried down the Florida peninsula by longshore currents. Frequent maintenance dredging has been required to keep the channel open.

Moving along at a tremendous clip was a large ship that was blowing black smoke as it headed down the channel. "Here comes the dredge," said Buffkin, turning the wheel to edge *Miss Natalie* over to the side of the channel. "He has dumped his load and is coming back for another. We'd better get out of his way, 'cause he's a heap bigger than we are." The ungainly *Sugar Island*, a sistership of the *Long Island* that had been working the channel since the start of that month, traveled past at seven knots, throwing an enormous wake that made the rigging on the little *Miss Natalie* rattle and shake.

"This job ain't as easy as some think," Buffkin said, adjusting the fathometer that inscribed a graph of the channel bottom. "You risk getting run over by tugboats and barges all the time. It's dangerous out here, a lot worse than shrimping. We have to ride the dredge where the bottom was all tore up and full of mud lumps. One time the net mudded down and got caught in the rudder, and we almost went up on the jetties. A time or two when we bogged down in the mud, I thought we were going to get sacked into the drag heads. But now they let us drag up and down the channel, and we catch even more turtles and fewer get killed."

As the dredge disappeared from view, the crew set the 60-foot otter trawl overboard. Brett Adkins, Buffkin's son-in-law, released the brake on the winch, and the two metal doors splashed into the sea, paying out the funnel-shaped net behind them. With its special mud rollers, the trawler scooped up everything in its path as it trailed along 300 feet behind us. Buffkin dragged for only 30 minutes, because a longer period might drown the air-breathing sea turtles caught in the net. *Miss Natalie's* crew caught only one or two loggerheads per tow on some nights, particularly bright moonlit ones when the

turtles could see the trawls coming. But on dark nights, the net often bogged down in loggerheads.

"All right, boys, let's wind her up and catch us some coolers," Buffkin drawled when the alarm clock rang in the wheelhouse 30 minutes later.

Paul Brown, an observer for the NMFS, and Larry Evans, a Corps biologist, were on board, and they headed for the back deck. There, two crewmen wearing yellow slicker suits engaged the winch, and the old shrimp boat began vibrating as the drum spun around, reeling in hundreds of feet of steel cable.

The otter doors rose from the dark, starlit sea and crashed together. Brown looked down at the webbing that hung heavily in the black water. "We either got a load of mud—or a load of turtles," he said.

Buffkin hurried back to the stern and inspected his net. "We got 'em this time. We're flat loaded down with turtles!"

The revolving brass cathead groaned and the blocks overhead trembled as the hoisting ropes stretched under the strain. Inch by inch the gorged net was raised out of the sea, showering water on the deck. There, veiled in the webbing, were the yellow skins and barnacle-covered shells of too many loggerheads to count.

There were turtles all the way from the bottom of the net to the very top, which was high above our heads, close hauled to the lifting boom. They looked preposterous: turtles roosting up in a tree.

Buffkin didn't think there was anything funny about it. He braced himself and tried to grab the ropes that would release the bag. But the rolling Atlantic snatched the lines from his hands as the gorged bag rocked to and fro. All five men in the crew tried to tackle the bag, but with each roll of the sea it would wrench out of their hands and bash into someone. "All right, let it down before the damn thing kills someone," Buffkin shouted to his 17-year-old son, Bobby.

The great webbed sock plopped to the deck with a squash, and the shadowy, bulky forms of turtles and fish looked out from behind the mesh.

Buffkin put a whip line around the lower portion of the net and gave a thumbs-up sign, and once again the machinery strained, lifting up a section of the net. After Adkins violently snatched the release ropes, the bag knot broke loose and loggerheads tumbled out on the

deck. There were turtles here and turtles there, beating their flippers with fury and thunder and trying to bite anything within range. Then more balking turtles came toppling down from above and landed on those already on the deck. Some were caught sideways in the webbing and Buffkin had to shake them down. Soon 12 loggerheads lay on deck.

Buffkin glanced up. "Oh, hell," he muttered, "here comes one of those Air Force tracking ships." Off in the distance was a vessel blazing with lights. "O.K., drop her out," he called as he ran back to the pilothouse. Once again the nets splashed into the sea and the drums spun madly as the cable whipped through the blocks and the *Miss Natalie* surged ahead.

"All right," Evans said, stepping over a barnacle-encrusted female and trying to keep his balance as the boat pitched and rolled, "let's do this in an organized fashion. Hey!" he called to Bobby, who was dragging turtles out of the way and trying to shovel the trash fish off the deck. "Watch your leg." Bobby glanced down and lustily moved away from a big three-legged male loggerhead, lying on its back with its mouth agape. The jaws, capable of crushing through the armor of whelks and horseshoe crabs, snapped shut, barely missing him.

"So far no one's been bitten," Brown said reassuringly, "and we've had nearly a thousand turtles on the boat. One night one grabbed me by the boot, but all he got was rubber."

The newly arrived loggerheads first had to be tagged, measured, described and weighed. Brown grabbed a turtle by its front and rear flippers and lifted it up. With special heavy pliers, Bobby hastily affixed metal tags through the margins of each of the animal's fore-flippers. Calipers were used to measure the carapace.

Above the moan of the winds and the throb of the diesel, voices called out, "Tag No. AAA146 and AAA147 ... length 28.5 inches ... width 22.4 inches." Then Brown shouted out the description to Evans, who scribbled it down on a clipboard—"Weight 109 pounds—immature—plastron carapace dark—right rear flipper old wound—small hole, left side front position."

The Port Canaveral turtle rescue operation provided an invaluable by-product: scientific information.

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TURTLES continued



Immobilized, a turtle is measured with calipers



A loggerhead is returned to its home waters

mation on the movement and behavior of turtles at sea. Until the *Miss Natalie* went to work, most such data was derived from beach-based tagging studies. In the main, the extent of that knowledge was that sea turtles come ashore, lay their eggs and disappear back into the surf to faithfully return two years later, often to the exact spot, to nest again. Almost nothing was known about males or sub-adults, which never came ashore. Most of the turtles caught by the *Miss Natalie* were small, averaging less than 100 pounds. Only a few 200- and 300-pounders were hauled aboard. (Loggerheads have been known to weigh as much as 850.)

Getting them on the scales was a job. One by one the angry, hissing, snapping turtles were encased in a webbed sack; Bufkin's crew struggled to lift them up to the hanging scales. All the while the rolling seas lifted the *Miss Natalie* up and dropped her down.

"Hold it! Hold it!" cried Evans, throwing his clipboard down and joining the others in trying to steady an encased turtle so a reading could be made from the scale. But the net broke loose and swung around like a drunken punching bag, knocking Adkins to the deck. He scrambled to his feet and subdued it. Brown hollered above the wind, "Weight 125 pounds. Let that thing down!" The turtle was gently lowered to the deck and dragged out of the way. "O.K., bring the next one," Brown yelled.

By the time they were finished, it was almost time for the net to come up with another bunch of turtles to be catalogued.

Adkins sat wearily on the tail end of a large overturned female, resting his head in his hands, watching the blazing lights of the tracking ship as it bore down on the *Miss Natalie*.

Bufkin was at the wheel looking grim. "I'm fixing to get out of the channel," he declared, watching the 400-foot military vessel. As the haze-gray ship passed in the night, bristling with antennae, cranes and a huge radar saucer, sailors looked down at us from three levels of lighted staterooms. The Loran plotter that the Corps of Engineers had installed aboard the trawler to precisely record where the turtles were taken drew out a diagram of the *Miss Natalie*'s jag outside the buoys. Bufkin breathed a sigh of relief when the tracking ship had passed. "I'd hate to catch him in

my net and put him on deck," he said.

Throughout the night, squeaking, groaning machinery repeatedly hoisted up the bulging net. Time after time Adkins snatched the release ropes of the gyrating bag to send more large loggerheads tumbling onto the deck, along with avalanches of trash fish, flounder, crabs and shrimp. The turtles lay there, relics of the dinosaur age, forlornly waving yellow flippers. The deck lights gleamed off their belly shells, which expanded as they filled their lungs with air.

Like brown bulldozers, those turtles that landed upright plowed their way through the piles of grunting croakers onto the paint-worn deck. The measuring and tagging went on and on. After six tows there was no place to step. The deck had become a mosaic of turtles. Finally, Evans said, "O.K., that's enough for one night. It's getting too rough to work."

It was time to set the tagged turtles free. With the nets aboard, the *Miss Natalie* surged forward past the blinking sea buoys. She plowed through the waves as if she were delighted to be free of the burdensome yoke.

As we headed five miles down the coast, riding the swells, inspection of the turtles revealed some with flippers bitten off or chunks of their shells gouged out, evidence of shark attacks. Brown pointed to a tarnished tag on a badly chewed small female. "This is an old friend, probably the third time I've personally caught her," he said. "Approximately 20% of the turtles we haul off and release turn right around and come back to the channel. We get some bad looking turtles here. They get chopped up by boat propellers, some of them look like the pirates attacked, but they're really tough."

Bufkin and other shrimpers believe that loggerheads flock to the Canaveral Channel to hide from sharks in the smelly mud while they heal up from bites and wounds, or to rid themselves of barnacles. All the turtles, even the injured or mutilated ones, that came aboard this night weren't ill or undernourished, but sickly, emaciated specimens had been caught on other occasions. Those who want to hasten the maintenance dredging at any cost claim that the channel has become a turtle boneyard, that loggerheads go there to die and it doesn't matter that they're turned to turtleburger in the dredge pumps. continued

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TURTLES *continued*



The area over which the NMFS and the Navy came to loggerheads: a place for turtles or a passage for submarines?

But healthy or sick, large or small, there almost seemed to be a waiting list to get into the channel. As fast as Buffkin trawled the turtles up and hauled them away, new ones moved in. Why? It was a puzzle worth pondering.

Ahead of the *Miss Natalie* was a submarine headed for the base. "Oh, that's just a little one," said Buffkin sleepily. "The Trident won't be ready for months." Or, as I'd heard, maybe years. The small nuclear sub, about 300 feet long, had a sinister look about it, like some monstrous black shark, sneaking along the channel, half submerged, with only its conning tower and tail fin protruding from the sea. With the red light on its mast pole blinking like an evil eye through the predawn sky, the sub moved on. One couldn't help wondering if a man-made electronic device was drawing the turtles. Perhaps it was some low-frequency vibration coming from the submarine communications systems or the Kennedy Space Center.

All sea turtles have an amazing ability to migrate long distances and to home in on their nesting beaches with a precision that would be the envy of a Trident submarine navigator. Do they use the earth's magnetic field? The sun? Odors carried by ocean currents? Who knows?

Dr. Joseph Kirschvink of Princeton recently discovered microscopic crystals of magnetite in the brains of hatching loggerhead and green turtles. Magnetite, the "lodestone" from which ancient compasses were made, is a mineral very sen-

sitive to any change in the electrical or magnetic environment. If these microscopic crystals are embedded in receptor organs that enable turtles to respond to magnetic lines of force surrounding the earth, then man-made disorientation is indeed possible.

Whatever the reason loggerheads have been attracted to the Canaveral Channel, they are likely to keep coming, Buffkin said optimistically. "They're going to have to put a turtle catcher on when they dredge this channel from now on. And I hear they're going to have to do it every year or so. They ought to give me the job. Lord knows, I'm experienced enough."

The Corps of Engineers' turtle-clearing project was deemed a success. By the time the dredge sucked up its last cubic yard of muck on Dec. 4, 1980 and steamed away, the *Miss Natalie* had caught and relocated 1,249 sea turtles. Fewer than a hundred had been turned into turtle soufflé by the dredge.

With the observers, charter fees, special nets and navigation equipment, the Corps spent more than \$350,000 to minimize the damage to a threatened species. Some people complained that it was an outrageous waste of money, but few complained about the \$5 million the Corps was spending to dredge the channel and the billions being spent on the Trident submarines, among the most destructive of weapons systems in the world. A matter of priorities.

The engine of the *Miss Natalie* slowed and Buffkin stepped out on the back deck.

"O.K., let's chuck 'em," he said with a yawn. "Another night, another load of coolers."

Happily, Adams then grabbed a turtle by a fore-flipper and heaved it over the side. Ka-ploosh! Everyone joined in, hurling turtles one right after the other. I stood at the railing, getting splashed, trying to absorb one of the weirdest sights of my life: the heavy-shelled reptiles sailing through the air into the darkness, beating their flippers. For a brief moment they appeared to soar like birds, then they landed like an avalanche of boulders.

When the deck was empty, we headed back to Port Canaveral. Buffkin's gaze poked up the missile-tracking ship moored at the base. "They're going to fire off a missile tomorrow night," he yawned. "That ship will be down range to track it. You ought to hang around and watch the missile go. It's a pretty sight when one lights up the whole sky."

Suddenly, I was struck by the irony of all these ancient sea turtles, which date back 197.5 million years in the fossil records, sleeping in the primordial mud at the foot of the Kennedy Space Center, the base from which man deploys some of his greatest technological devices. All our probes for life elsewhere in the universe are launched from barren concrete slabs on what was once a mangrove swamp, teeming with wading birds and aquatic life. Hordes of these ancient reptiles visited the unspoiled sandy beaches then. But as they lumbered ashore to lay their eggs, thousands were butchered for sale in restaurants, and truckloads of eggs were hauled away to make pound cakes. Now only a relative handful remain.

Congress weakened the Endangered Species Act in September 1979 when it pushed through the construction of the Tellico Dam in Tennessee, thus providing precedent for exemptions. But at least for the moment the turtles in the Canaveral Channel will not be the victims of such an exemption, because enlightened compromise between environmentalists and other interests has worked to preserve the loggerheads. **END**



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First Person

by MICHAEL DAUGHMAN

A SKUNKED FISHERMAN FINDS THE AURA OF DEFEAT HANGING HEAVILY UPON HIM

The most common arguments that fly-fishermen use to promote their sport are that fly-casting is esthetically superior to any other form of angling and, therefore, more enjoyable, and that when a fish is hooked in the lip—as opposed to having taken a bait hook into its stomach—it may easily be released to fight again another day. These are valid points, but, in my opinion, there is another good reason for switching from a spinning or bait rod to a fly rod, and that is the relative cheapness of fly-fishing. Though the sport is thought by many to be the preserve of wealthy gentlemen who take periodic jaunts to Norway or Iceland for Atlantic salmon and to New Zealand for huge trout, the truth is that the vast majority of us fly-fishermen angle in waters within driving distance of our homes and that casting flies saves us money. A dozen years ago I could afford to fish only once a week because on every trip I would leave as much as \$10 worth of spoons and spinners snagged on rocks on the bottom of the river. Now, having learned to tie my own flies, I can fish every day if I choose to.

I keep my fly-tying expenses to a minimum by scavenging most of the materials I use. The sources are endless. Around the house I obtain strands from old burlap sacks, scraps from my wife's knitting, colored thread from her sewing box, hair clipped from our dog, cats or horse, and tinsel from Christmas and birthday packages. During hikes and runs through the woods, I've procured a wide variety of feathers and animal fur. The bird hunting I

used to do has left me with a lifetime supply of pheasant, grouse, quail and duck skins, and deer-hunting friends have given me plenty of bucktail. With a little time, and the skill that comes with practice and patience, I've been able to pursue a satisfying second hobby that allows me to fish cheaply and conveniently. Because of all this I've considered myself a practical-minded conservationist, but a couple of years ago I learned that the conservation ethic can be stretched too far.

Driving home from a fishing trip on a cool day in early spring, I saw a dead skunk along the side of a two-lane country road. Though apparently a road kill, it looked to be in perfect shape, its winter coat thick and lustrous. The long, coarse hair from a skunk's tail is said to be better than bucktail for tying streamer flies, so I slowed the car, braked to a stop and backed up for a closer look—and smell.

I had thought about salvaging skunk tails before, but every road kill I had ever passed was either messy or odorful, or both. When I rolled down the car window this time, I didn't smell a thing. The skunk lay on its side, facing away from me, looking more asleep than dead. But I took no chances. I used a trick that I remembered reading about in Hemingway's *Green Hills of Africa*. I climbed out of the car and found some pebbles on the shoulder of the road and, from a safe distance, tossed them at the skunk. When three or four had bounced off the animal and it hadn't moved, I was certain it was dead. (True, Hemingway's pebbles had been tossed at a lion that had just been shot, but otherwise the situations were similar.)

As I stepped up close to the skunk, pocketknife in hand, there was indeed an odor—not overpowering, but decidedly unpleasant. So I worked as quickly as I could, gripping the end of the tail in my left hand and using the knife in my right to saw through the tail's base. But it was a dull knife, and the work went slowly. The odor steadily in-

creased. By the time I was about halfway through, I had to hold my breath as I hacked away, then sprint 15 or 20 yards down the road to take a gulp of fresh air and return to work again.

After about five minutes of this my perseverance was wearing thin, but so was the base of the tail, and, almost out of breath again, I decided that a quick, hard yank would probably sever the tail from the skunk's body. Holding its rear legs down with the toe of my left boot, I grasped the tip of its tail and pulled upward—hard.

But the tail didn't come off. Instead, a spray of greenish-yellow liquid shot at me from the skunk. Rather, I think that it was greenish-yellow, that it came straight up at me and that there was a lot of it, but I'll never know for sure, because the odor that came with the spray was the most powerful natural force I've ever encountered. I've been tackled hard by huge linemen, punched in the jaw, and wiped out by enormous waves in Hawaii, but these experiences were truly pleasurable compared to the stench from that skunk.

I staggered back, temporarily blinded, gasping for breath. I ended up behind my car, hands on my knees, shaking my head to clear it. In 30 seconds I could see again, but my eyes were watering so badly that the car itself was nothing but a brown blur. I had the presence of mind to take my jacket off and toss it away. That helped some. When a couple of minutes had passed, my eyes had cleared and my breathing was back to normal, though inhaling certainly was no longer an involuntary act. I realized that I had dropped my knife, but I didn't care. In fact, I didn't even look toward the skunk as I abandoned my plan, climbed into the car and drove away.

It was still more than 100 miles to my house, and I soon knew I'd never make it unless I did something to drastically diminish the stench. As it had when I'd been cutting away at the tail, the odor grew steadily stronger, from simply objectionable to gaggingly repulsive. If you've ever been around skunks, you know what I mean. If you haven't, all I can tell you is that the smell is indescribable. It's as foul as anything you can imagine, and then some—and then a great deal, in fact.

I had all the car windows rolled down and even tried driving with my head out one of them, but that was tiring and dan-

continued



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gerous and afforded no real relief anyway. I remembered that a couple of years before, my bird dog had been sprayed by a skunk. When we got him home we soaked him in tomato juice, the standard treatment for dogs under such circumstances. It certainly didn't eliminate the odor, but it seemed to help. If it worked on dogs, I reasoned, the same prescription should work on people. It seemed worth a shot. I stopped at the first grocery store I came to, a mom-and-pop establishment with a gas pump out front.

I parked at the pump, and when an elderly gentleman in overalls and a long white apron came out the front door, he sniffed curiously although he was still 20 feet from the car. Fifteen feet away he made a face and stopped.

"Skunk," I called out.

"Just one?" he said.

"Look, could you bring me out six large cans of tomato juice? I'll help myself to some gas while you get them."

"Only six?" he said.

"Six. And a can opener, too, please."

"They probably ain't going to help much."

"That's O.K. I want to try it."

He backed off a step. "Good idea, son."

It took a few minutes to complete the transaction. He left the juice and opener in a sack by the road, well away from the store, and I left his money there, including a tip. As I drove off I looked in the rear-view mirror and saw him approaching the money cautiously, like a soldier crossing a minefield.

A few miles farther along I came to a Forest Service campground, which at that time of the year was deserted. In the rest room I undressed, kicked my clothes into a pile in the corner, opened all six cans of tomato juice—twelve quarts—and bathed myself thoroughly, slowly emptying each can over my head, then rubbing the juice in carefully as it flowed down over my body. It was cool and rather thick. The sweetish smell certainly didn't eliminate the skunk odor, but at least it mixed with it to create something different and possibly a little less repulsive.

I wanted to give the juice a chance to do as much as it could, so I let it dry, hopping up and down on the tile floor to

warm myself. In a few minutes, when the juice had become a very uncomfortably sticky coating, I went to a sink to wash myself. There wasn't any water. I tried all the sinks, but there was nary a drop. Apparently the water was shut off, except during the summer camping season. So I dressed as I was and returned to the car, hoping above all—praying, in fact—that I wouldn't run into anybody. I must have looked like something from a Japanese horror movie, and the odor, though somewhat altered, hadn't really diminished at all.

It was a long drive home. I hit the freeway half an hour after my juice bath. By then the sun was down and the night air was so cool I had to roll the windows up and use the heater. That made the smell impossible to take, so I stopped at a deserted rest area, took everything off but my undershorts, and dropped my jeans, shirt and a \$50 pair of boots into a garbage can. The boots smelled worse than anything else, I think.

I was very careful to obey the speed limit after that, for Lord knows what summary action a state trooper might have taken if he had stopped a foul-smelling man coasting from head to foot with tomato juice and wearing only undershorts.

Finally, about 20 minutes from my house, my right rear tire went flat and I coasted to the shoulder of the road. After a few seconds of hollow-stomached panic, I realized that I could wear my chest waders to change the tire.

A number of cars slowed as they went by. One large, brightly painted van nearly stopped beside me. It was full of teenagers. "Far out!" one of them yelled at me. "Weirdo!" screamed another. I heard them all laughing as the van sped away.

I changed the tire and made it home. My family was understanding, but it took a couple of days and more than a couple of baths before my life returned to normal. I could cut at the dinner table once again, and the dog stopped backing off at my approach.

If all this had happened to Aesop and he had wanted to write a fable about it, the moral would be clear enough: *When tying streamer ties, bucktail will surely do.*

END

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THE ICE FOLLIES

Sir:

I was a witness to the Feb. 26 Boston-Minnesota brawl, and your SCORECARD article (March 9) was to the point. The record-setting 406 penalty minutes is just one more thing Boston cannot be proud of. Coach Gerry Cheevers said that "fighting is all part of the game!" When a professional coach endorses violence in his own sport, something is seriously wrong. If that wasn't had enough, Minnesota Coach Glen Sonmor told Cheevers to "bring a basket to take his head home in." Now boys, this is not rugby or a roller derby, this is pro hockey. NHL President John Ziegler had better do something about it.

STEVE ROGERS
North Attleboro, Mass.

Sir:

I have to disagree with many of SE's ideas. Yes, bench-clearing brawls should be controlled, but the fighting will never stop. I agree totally with John Ziegler that fighting is an "outlet for frustration."

DAVID SUSMAN
Oak Park, Ill.

Sir:

There is only one thing worse than somebody sleeping on our cowboy boots, and that is someone putting down the most exciting element of hockey—fighting. What is your problem? Most people wouldn't go to a hockey game if it wasn't for fighting, including us. We want the fighting to stay. As for you, Mr. Editor, you can take your clean hockey and go to the ballet—and stay there.

GARY PAGEL
BILL FISCHER
JOE DELTZ
Marshall, Minn.

Sir:

No doubt many Philadelphia Flyer fans will take pen in hand to defend their team against the March 9 SCORECARD item. I will not.

Hockey is a game played in a civilized society. If it cannot conform to society's rules, it should fold up shop. If John Ziegler thinks fighting is a natural reaction to frustration, then we should distribute boxing gloves to all drivers on the nation's highways. We should also allow fighting on the nation's golf courses and certainly at the supermarket check-out line.

If we extend this ridiculous practice to other sports, we may one day see a scouting report of GOOD FIELD, NO HIT—GLASS JAW.

TONY MAZZA
(Philadelphia native)
Oklahoma City University
Oklahoma City

MAGIC MAN

Sir:

Your article on the return of Magic Johnson (*And Now for My Reappearing Act*, March 9) was a classic. Thank you for such an informative article on one of the greatest players in basketball.

TODD PETERSON
Canyon Country, Calif.

Sir:

Magic Johnson's success has nothing to do with being in the right place at the right time. There are no wrong places, times or teams for Magic. His talent is so immense it allows him to play any game. Who else would have chosen to sit in Kareem's regular airplane seat last year when the team flew to Philadelphia for the final game?

We are conditioned to expect that genius must come soberly wrapped in quiet seriousness. I submit it can also arrive in a smiling, oversized package exploding with joy.

BARBARA L. PATON
Grand Rapids, Mich.

MOUNTAIN CLIMB

Sir:

While looking at Mountain of the Mists (March 2), all of a sudden I realized that I knew these natives. I had grown up with them. My parents are missionaries in Brian Jaya, and I was born there. Sam Moses did a fine job of describing the natives. They are what make Brian Jaya such a great place to live in. Congratulations on a splendid article.

J.P. SCHLITZ
Toccoa Falls, Ga.

Sir:

The opening picture of Mountain of the Mists was beautiful, but the lewd photographs of the naked New Guinea tribesmen were disgusting. I subscribed to a sports magazine not a magazine for obscenity. If you wanted to use those pictures, you should have made the New Guineans wear something besides those unfashionable-looking tubes.

D. SALMEN
Stillwater, Minn.

DEATH OF AN ATHLETE

Sir:

My younger brother was injured not long ago with results similar to those suffered by Kenay Wright (Kenney, *Dying Young*, March 9). He also was an all-league high school tight end. He, too, experiences pain—to such a degree that now only additive drugs are effective.

Phyllis Wright's poignant question to her son—"Why didn't you fight longer?"—only emphasizes the ordeal of a person so injured. To see a body and spirit crushed

is the greatest tragedy one can witness.

STEVEN L. CRANFORD
Arkansas City, Kans.

Sir:

The communications experts predict that soon all Americans will want all their news presented visually and orally. The written word will survive if writers like Frank Deford continue to craft stories like *Kenney, Dying Young*.

JAMES R. BROWN
Sandusky, Ohio

Sir:

Kenney, *Dying Young* was a dramatic presentation of a tragic situation. Unfortunately, it doesn't make as interesting reading to learn about the thousands of quadriplegics, like myself, and other handicapped individuals who have been able to compete, and win (cope), against this foe, which is a far greater struggle than facing any opponent on any athletic field of our past.

MERLIN OLSON
Mayor
Wakefield, Neb.

J.R.:

Thank you for William Nack's excellent article on J.R. Richard (*I'm Going to Return*, March 2). What a story. And what a man. If we could all only view life as he does.

It's going to be fantastic to see him on the mound soon. I envision him as the 1981 World Series MVP!

TIMOTHY W. WOLF
Minneapolis

Sir:

I take exception to the adjective "massive" when referring to J.R.'s stroke. As president of the Memphis Stroke Club, I see monthly between 30 and 40 stroke people. To one degree or another, almost all of them are seriously impaired. J.R. was fortunate to be able to have surgery and regain the use of his limbs. I would hope that readers would not think that what happened to J.R. is something that could be done automatically with good results for all stroke people.

DONALD J. REWALT
Millington, Tenn.

THE NEGRO LEAGUES

Sir:

I enjoyed reading Jim Kaplan's article about the old Negro league baseball players (TV/RADIO, Feb. 16). Growing up in Minneapolis in the '20s and '30s, I often saw games in which Satchel Paige, Josh Gibson and other greats played.

And one should not forget the black stars who were cut out of what organized basket-

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

half there was in those days. When I tried out for the freshman team at the University of Minnesota, I was informed that the Big Ten had an unwritten rule against blacks playing. That was in 1924. I ended up several years later playing with a colored House of David team (beards and all), touring the Midwest and the Far West. If we cleared \$10 per night we were fortunate. Our big paydays came on holidays like Christmas, when we played in one town on Christmas Eve, in another on Christmas afternoon and in a third on Christmas night. We carried only five men, so that we would not have to split the money too many ways. But it was great fun, and one way to beat the Depression!

JOHN F. THOMAS
Geneva, Switzerland

THE KING Sir,

As an avid fan of auto racing, especially of the NASCAR variety, I looked forward to Sam Moses' coverage of the Daytona 500 (*Flat Out to the King*, Feb. 23). I wasn't disappointed. He did an excellent and thorough job of covering stock car racing's premier event. My only disappointment was that King Richard Petty, who has won the prestigious Daytona race a record seven times, been NASCAR point champion seven times and has a career total of 193 victories, wasn't on your cover.

MARK STEVENS
Like Katrina, N.Y.

THE PITS Sir,

I'd like to inform SF's Robert H. Boyle, Rose Mary Mechem and all conservationists that on Jan. 31 three companions and I fished the Florida phosphate pits pictured on page 90 of your Feb. 9 issue (*There's Trouble in Paradise*). Those "shine ponds" produced 37 bass weighing 1½ to 7½ pounds in six hours of casting. We lost that many again and three back many smaller ones. And please note: every ounce kept from this catch will be eaten.

C.V. CULBERTSON
Annapolis, Md.

■ According to Fred Langford, a fisheries biologist with the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, fish do thrive in the waters of freshly dug phosphate pits. Excess algae slough off into the deep holes, and the phosphate tailings make for rich nutrients and are nontoxic. However, once a pond is used for the retention of slime—the clay created in the mining process—and the slime takes over, the fish are killed. Other sources report that slime ponds contain higher concentrations of radioactive material than does the land around them. Exactly what effect this may have on the fish—and on the humans who eat them—has yet to be determined.—ED

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

A man with dark, curly hair and a blue polo shirt is captured in a dynamic pose, swinging a tennis racket. He is looking upwards and to the left with an intense expression. The background is a blurred green, suggesting an outdoor tennis court. In the bottom left corner, a bottle of Michelob Light beer and a glass filled with beer and a thick head of foam are visible. The text is overlaid on the image.

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Carlton 100's Box	1	0.1
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Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
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Vantage 100's	12	0.9
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Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;
100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.